The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

THE death on Sunday night last of Professor York Powell at the age of 54 is a sad loss to Oxford. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, and after holding various distinguished positions was appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford in 1894 in succession to Froude. He was a fine Scandinavian scholar and deeply learned in mediæval history. His interests were multifarious—boxing, fencing, art, philology, Dante, education, literature of every kind claiming a share of his attention. He possessed an admirable gift of conveying his knowledge to students and to all who went to him—and they were many—for guidance and help. His publications include "Early England to the Norman Conquest," "Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror," "Old Stories from British History," and he was joint editor with Vigfússon of "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," and of an Icelandic Reader.

JUDGING by the exhibits in the Royal Academy very few of our artists seek inspiration for their pictures in literature or the drama; portraits of literary men are also conspicuous by their absence. Here are the names of most of the "literary" and dramatic pictures: "Don Quixote and Maritornes at the Inn," Rowland Wheelwright; "Mr. Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton," J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.; "Knowledge putting the Garment of sorrow on to Everyman," I. L. Cloag; "Isabella and the Pot of Basil—Keats," Arthur T. Norvell; "Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. Tree in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,'" Hon. John Collier; "Shelley at Marlow," Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.; "Tristan and Iolanthe," Andrew W. Turnbull; "Edwin Waugh," Maria Eaton; "Dante" (*statuette*), Arthur G. Walker, and "The Lady of Shalott" (*bust*), Frank Ransom.

THERE are some admirable illustrations to Mr. Wilfred Sheridan's article in "The Ancestor" on "Some Account of the Sheridan Family," of which the most striking, perhaps, are "Richard Brinsley Sheridan as a Young Man, in Fancy Dress," "Mrs. Sheridan (Miss Linley) and her Brother" from a pastel by Gainsborough, and "Thomas Sheridan," after Gainsborough. Antiquaries and heralds should indeed be grateful to Mr. Oswald Barron and Messrs. Constable for this excellent and scholarly quarterly. Beside the article mentioned the present issue contains "Notes on the Tiles at Tewkesbury Abbey" (*illustrated*), "The Cocks of the North," "Fifteenth-Century Costume" (*illustrated*), and a mass of other good matter.

THE death was announced last week of the famous Hungarian novelist Maurus Jokai, who was born in the year 1825. He was educated for the law but early in life devoted himself to journalism and fiction, supporting the national cause under Kossuth in 1849 with pen and sword. He entered Parliament in 1867, playing a big part in political affairs. Of his numerous romances mention may be made of "Working Days," "The Turks in Hungary," "A Man of Gold," "Timar's Two Worlds," and "Eyes like the Sea."



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

[*Photo. Elliott and Fry*]

In the "Monthly Review" Mr. Litton Falkiner writes very soundly upon "Literature and History," *apropos* of Professor Bury's inaugural lecture at Cambridge upon "The Science of History." Dr. Bury's doctrine is that "History is a science, no less and no more." That it has become a science most of us are prepared to admit and to rejoice in the admission, but equally we are ready to agree with Mr. Falkiner that it is more than a science, there being no reason why history should not be both literature and science. Mr. Falkiner neatly sums up the whole situation when he says "History which cannot be made readable had better not be written."

The historian has, or should have, two aims in view, to record facts and to vitalise these facts by his powers of narration. Of course there is much historical work which is merely science and not literature, such as the editing of the treasures at—for example—the Record Office; but this is not history. History must be made living; Macaulay's value for us, as that of Gibbon and Tacitus, lies in the fact that he was a great master of style, so great a master that we forgive his lapses from detailed accuracy on account of the light that he has shed upon the past by the vivid, living pictures he has drawn for us. Facts alone shed no light upon the past; facts lightened and expanded for us by an historian of literary power and of insight into the human heart become history. History must not be reduced from literature to the level of a blue-book.

In the same Review there are some just remarks upon the neglect of good reading to-day, in an article on Fontenelle by the Reverend F. St. John Thackeray. A few lines may be profitably quoted:

> "'Habent sua fata libelli.' Why is it that so many really good books, far better worth reading than most of what issues daily from the press, are so neglected, and answer to the caustic definition of a standard work—one that stands upon the shelf? It is not merely that there are tides in literature, that tastes alter, and the fashion of one age is not the fashion of another; nor is it only because the essence of former productions has passed into later knowledge, has become a part of modern thought, and supersedes the necessity for the study of originals. In historical and scientific studies such a plea may be valid. Few authors, indeed, are sufficiently monumental to escape that process. Is it not rather owing to the deliberate preference for what is new simply because it is new, apart from any other merit? We need not go so far as to say with Samuel Rogers, 'Whenever a new book comes out I read an old one.' The flooding of the book market in one particular direction has aggravated this tendency. It is to be feared there is some truth in the remark that has been made that, to very many people in London, literature is now synonymous with fiction—a class of writing the annual circulation of which, if regard be had only to the most popular volumes, must be reckoned by millions, while the gross total is far larger. This devotion to novel-reading to the exclusion of everything else must have a debilitating influence. One solid or more serious author and one piece of light reading we should always have on hand. The late Master of Balliol, the last person in the world to confine the range of study to one or two subjects, used to declare that 'there is time enough to read all the books worth reading, if you can only get the *mind* for it.'"

In connection with the Irish Exhibition Company of the St. Louis Exhibition Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue is editing an interesting volume, "Irish Voices," which will be published in a few weeks, and will contain poems, plays, essays, and other literary work by nearly all living Irish writers of importance. The book is intended to give the reading public a general view of the tendencies of contemporary Irish writing, and it is to be noted that each contribution will be complete in itself, and will be unpublished matter. The list of writers contains four or five names that seem to belong to a generation that is passing away; then we have the group of poets and dreamers, of whom W. B. Yeats and "A. E." are chief, and finally one or two names of young men, such as James Joyce and P. MacCormac Colm, who show new impulses, yet so far are hardly known even to themselves. Many will find it of interest to trace the changes of note and style which can be felt through these three generations, and critics who profess to read the present accurately enough to find in it the promise of the future will be able to speculate on the new directions of Irish writing. The value of the book will be increased by a number of portraits of the writers, reproduced from photographs, and the whole will perhaps form the germ of some future history of the present Irish literary movement.

The members of the School of Irish Learning, recently founded in Dublin, are preparing the first number of their journal, "Erin," which is to be devoted to the more scholarly aspects of Irish Philology, Literature and History. It will be edited by Professor Kuno Meyer, Ph.D., and Professor Strachan, LL.D., both names of authority, and the list of its promised contents shows many contributions of great literary and philological interest. Among them there are several Old Irish poems edited and translated by Professor Kuno Meyer, "Cuchullin and Conleach," edited and translated by O'Keeffe, a "Book of Chronicles and Battles of the Reign of Brian," edited by R. I. Best. This periodical will appear twice in the year, and will probably be the first attempt to produce a journal in Dublin so exclusively Irish and yet so scholarly in aim. The School of Irish Learning itself is preparing for a busy summer term, when classes will be held by Professor Kuno Meyer and Professor Strachan on various branches of Irish philology, and students are expected from Norway and England to join the Irish students, who were fairly numerous last year.

In the "New York Critic" for May there are some ribald verses on "The Keltic Kraze," from which I quote:

> "There is aye the cold old mother-sea, the ocean dread and vast;
> There's the faery this and the faery that, and the wind that blows from the Past;
> There is aye A Voice [in brackets] speaks,
> And a green-clad child slim—
> Ah, Norah!
> Go bragh Yeats!
> And the Kelt is in the swim."

A revived musical activity, of perhaps a rather limited nature, has attended the general reawakening that is so marked in Dublin, and on Monday (the 16th) the Feis Ceoil—a sort of musical festival—will be opened there. Throughout the following week numerous concerts and competitions will take place, special attention being given to the various forms of Irish national music and local choir singing. The competition for the performance of unpublished Irish airs always attracts considerable interest, as in it the players are wandering pipers, brought together from all parts of Ireland, who

play entirely from memory and have no knowledge of written music. Modern music, on the other hand, is not neglected, and a prize cantata is promised for one of the concerts.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—The Annual Meeting of the Members of the Royal Institution was held on Monday afternoon, May 2, Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the Chair. The Annual Report of the Committee of Visitors for the year 1903, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the Institution, was read and adopted, and the Report on the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory of the Royal Institution, which accompanied it, was also read. Seventy new members were elected in 1903. Sixty-two Lectures and twenty Evening Discourses were delivered in 1903. The books and pamphlets presented in 1903 amounted to about 229 volumes, making with 694 volumes (including periodicals bound) purchased by the managers, a total of 923 volumes added to the library in the year. Thanks were voted to the President, Treasurer, and the Honorary Secretary, to the Committees of Managers and Visitors, and to the Professors, for their valuable services to the Institution during the past year. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, the Duke of Northumberland; Treasurer, Sir James Crichton-Browne; Secretary, Sir William Crookes; Managers, Dr. Henry E. Armstrong, Sir William Abney, Mr. Shelford Bidwell, Sir Alexander Binnie, Mr. J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C., the Hon. Sir Henry Burton Buckley, Sir Thomas A. De la Rue, Bart., Dr. J. A. Fleming, Sir Victor Horsley, Lord Kelvin, Dr. Ludwig Mond, Sir Owen Roberts, Sir Thomas Henry Sanderson, Sir Felix Semon, and Mr. W. H. Spottiswoode; Visitors, Dr. J. Mitchell Bruce, Mr. J. B. Broün-Morison, Dr. F. Clowes, Dr. Mackenzie Davidson, Mr. W. B. Gibbs, Mr. Francis Fox, Mr. C. E. Melchers, Mr. R. Mond, Mr. J. Callander Ross, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Mr. Maures Horner, Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton, Mr. J. J. Vezey, Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney, and Mr. G. P. Willoughby.

Bibliographical

OF whom will Mr. Swinburne give us parodies in his enlarged reproduction of "The Heptalogia"? In the original work, which came out in 1880, his subjects were Tennyson ("The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell"), Browning ("John Jones"), Coventry Patmore ("The Person of the House") and Rossetti ("Sonnet for a Picture"), certainly—Mrs. Browning and Lord Lytton, apparently—and himself certainly (in "Nephelidia"). Of his own rhythmic methods he gave a delicious caricature. His most characteristic measures are, of course, easily burlesqued, and dozens have tried their hands upon them. One of the most successful was Mortimer Collins, in his "Salad," for example:

> "O cool in the summer is salad,
> And warm in the winter is love," &c.

Less widely known is Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller's "Procuratores" (in "The Shotover Papers"), beginning:

> "O vestment of velvet and virtue,
> O venomous victors of vice,
> Who hurt men who never have hurt you,
> O calm, cruel, colder than ice," &c.

There is also an anonymous effort which appeared years ago in "Once a Week"—a supposed address to a negro valet:

> "Amid bright intellectual flambeaux,
> I shall find no light clearer than thee,
> O sable and sensual Sambo,
> The servant of me," &c.

One of the latest of the Swinburne travesties is also one of the best—that which opens Mr. Owen Seaman's "Battle of the Bays." Herein the poet is portrayed as recalling his early performances:

> "Then I sang of the rose that is ruddy,
> Of 'pleasure that winces and stings,'
> Of white women, and wine that is bloody,
> And similar things."

In reply to one of my correspondents who asked for details of criticism on Mr. Swinburne's work, the Rev. J. McMillan, of Manchester, very kindly refers him to articles in the following periodicals: "Edinburgh Review," July, 1865; "Westminster Review," April, 1867; "London Review," January, 1869; "Modern Thought," August, 1880; "Harper's Magazine," May, 1882; "Scottish Review," September, 1883, and April, 1884; "Primitive Methodist Quarterly," July, 1894; "The Pen" (a defunct publication, pages 3 and 99). Stedman's "Victorian Poets" can be studied with advantage. The very latest of Mr. Swinburne's critics is Bishop Arthur Lyttelton in his "Modern Poets of Faith, Doubt and Paganism," 1904.

The death of Maurus Jokai should be widely mourned in England, for, to judge from the number of his books issued here in translations, he was very popular among us. During the past twenty years, the following works from his pen have been circulated in this country: "Life in a Cave" (1884), "A Modern Midas" (1885), "Timar's Two Worlds" (1888, new edition 1894), "There is No Devil" (1891), "Dr. Dumany's Wife" (1891 and 1898), "Pretty Michal" (1892 and 1897), "Eyes like the Sea" (1893), "In Love with the Czarina, etc." (1894), "'Midst the Wild Carpathians" (1894 and 1897), "Black Diamonds" (1896), "The Green Book" (1897), "The Lion of Janina" (1897), "An Hungarian Nabob" (1898), "The Nameless Castle" (1898), "The Poor Plutocrats" (1899), "The Tower of Dago" (1899), "A Day of Wrath" (1900), "Debts of Honour" (1900), "The Baron's Sons" (1900), "Halil the Pedlar" (1901), "Manasseh" (1901), "Slaves of the Padisha" (1902), "Told by the Death's Head" (1902). Mr. Nisbet Bain has been the most active of Jokai's translators; some nine or ten volumes are to his credit. Linda Villari, Frances Gerard, and Mrs. H. Kennard have also interpreted Jokai to the English public.

Behind the bastard title of the new edition of Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" (John Murray) will be found an interesting bibliographical note, from which it appears that the successive editions of the work appeared in 1854 (the first), 1855, 1857, 1864, 1867, 1874, 1875, 1880 and 1884 (the ninth). This last was reprinted in 1887, 1891, 1895 and 1900. These facts and figures testify loudly to the persistent popularity of the book.

With respect to Miss Fielding's "David Simple," to which I referred the other day, a Gateshead correspondent tells me that an edition of that story was published in 1822 by G. Virtue, of Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, under the title of "Adventures of a Real Friend through the Cities of London and Westminster." This, on the title-page, was attributed to Henry, not to Sarah, Fielding, and a life of Henry Fielding was prefixed to it.

Lovers of literature should dip into Mr. Chris Healy's "Confessions of a Journalist" (Chatto and Windus), if only because the author gives us fresh glimpses of William Morris and Oscar Wilde (his latter days in Paris), besides chapters on Zola, Anatole France, and Joris Karl Huysmans.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

Romantics

MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE. By George Brandes. Vol. V., The Romantic School in France. (Heinemann. 12s. net.)

THE remarkable literary epoch to which the new volume of Dr. Brandes' invaluable "Main Currents of Nineteenth-Century Literature" is devoted is admirably characterised by the motto he has chosen from Théodore de Banville, "Époque fulgurante." It was indeed an age of giants. When we look back not merely to the stupendous productiveness of Hugo and Dumas, Balzac and George Sand, but to the colossal schemes the conception of which came naturally to them, and which they in part executed, we feel how great is the decline in our own age, both as regards vigour of conception and affluence of production. This is no reproach to our period; literary activity could not be perpetually maintained at so high a pressure, and, moreover, in France and Southern Europe at least, this feverish energy was the expression of a crisis which can but rarely occur in the history of nations. This may be defined as the renovation of the Latin race by the infusion of Northern ideas. The literature of the First Empire, with a few brilliant exceptions, was frigid, inane and barren. The exceptions were the productions of rebels against literary conventions, with gaze significantly bent in the two directions whence deliverance was to come, Chateaubriand towards the Middle Age, Madame de Staël towards Germany. The Romantic movement among the Latin nations, if partly a national upheaval, was partly a foreign invasion. Italy, indeed, had her Dante to fall back upon, Portugal her Camoens, Spain her Cervantes. But France, by far the most important among them, devoid of any such commanding figure in the past, had to accept her inspiration from Goethe, Scott, and Byron, bringing the still mightier Shakespeare in their train. Without England, France could no more have had her Hugo and her Dumas than she could have had her Voltaire.

The large extent to which the Romantic School was exotic among the Latin peoples suggests the speculation how far its influence is destined to permanence. It is little in harmony with the national ideal of France. Neatness and clarity are not its characteristics, and "tout ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français." We cannot then expect it to endure as a dominant influence, but the part assigned to it may well be analogous to that of the Norman infusion among ourselves, a new element and abiding factor in the development of the race, but not profoundly modifying the race's original character. One of its principal precursors, André Chénier, to whom Dr. Brandes devotes some admirable pages, was unaffected by English or German influences, and his writings possibly foreshadow the school which will flourish should a synthesis of the romantic and the classic ever be effected; and should there ever again be such an incalculable outburst of genius as flamed forth about 1830; "enamoured," as Dr. Brandes expresses it, "of passion," but not "of scarlet."

Dr. Brandes has a signal advantage in his cosmopolitanism. He does not write as a Dane or as a Frenchman, but as a citizen of Europe. As a critic he is almost infallible, as a narrator fascinating. His story carries the reader on delightfully, while his literary portraits in their charm and finish are worthy of Sainte-Beuve, whose own is one of the best. The plan of his work, according to which writers are treated not so much in the ratio of their achievement as of their moral and literary influence, demands, perhaps justifies, what seems at first sight the excessive space devoted to Beyle and Mérimée, and the almost total exclusion of a greater name. Alexandre Dumas is criticised merely as the author of "Antony." It is true that Dumas had no tendencies, and had nothing to teach but the trade of story-telling, yet it seems strange to see the great romancer barred out of the Romantic School. "Sir," remonstrated Mr. Trillo, when the Rev. Dr. Folliott demanded a knowledge of Greek as an indispensable passport to the performance of a revived classical play, "you will shut me out of my own theatre!" Perhaps Dr. Brandes is unconsciously too much under the influence of the unreasonable reaction against Dumas after his death. It is a highly interesting circumstance that the great Alexander's rehabilitation has come from this country, and is associated with the names of such distinguished British writers as Rossetti, Andrew Lang and Stevenson.

R. GARNETT.

"Dry Light"

LECTURES ON EUROPEAN HISTORY. By William Stubbs, D.D., formerly Bishop of Oxford and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Edited by Arthur Hassall, M.A. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

DR. STUBBS' is, and will always be, a great name in the constitutional and ecclesiastical history of England. He was not, indeed, infallible, and many of his theories concerning early land tenure, local government and even the infancy of parliamentary representation, have been shrewdly shaken by the later schools of economic and legal historians. But his work remains of first-class importance, for his wide learning, cautious inference and scrupulous fairness.

His lectures on general European history from 1519 to 1648 were more illuminating when delivered between 1860 and 1870 than they are now. Many works have been written since then, much has been found out. Stubbs wrote these lectures when nearly all good histories of his period were German, and nearly all German histories were written from a partisan point of view, Prussian or Austrian, Protestant or Roman Catholic. As an historical English High Churchman, Professor Stubbs could be fairly impartial, but he could not always be sure of the facts he gleaned from such suspected sources.

The three courses of lectures in this volume form a sort of commentary on what might be called the Trilogy of the Reformation. The first course deals with the rise and progress of the Reformation in the reign of Charles V. The second tells of the religious wars and the reflux of the Counter-Reformation. The third deals with the Thirty Years' War, which began as a struggle for power between Protestant and Catholic in Bohemia and ended as a fight between Hapsburg and Bourbon for supremacy in Europe.

While at the time when these lectures were delivered they were almost the only sound, fair and modern narrative of the period in English within reach of Oxford students, they were not, and did not pretend to be, the result of original research. Hence they have lost some of their value. The style is not stimulating or particularly interesting, except when the Professor is passing judgment on the character of rulers. Then his analysis of moral and mental qualities is very acute and generally fair; but it is not exactly what a student of history needs. The estimate of a man's character that we need in reading history is rather dramatic than casuistic. We want to find out his motives and probable processes of thought rather than his degree of virtue or crime. Here the lecturer fails us. He is fairer to Philip II. of Spain than is the democratic and Protestant Motley, but Stubbs' Philip remains a bundle of attributes. We want, indeed, one of Carlyle's vivid presentments of form and character without Carlyle's almost invariable inaccuracy.

And while for the comprehension of the great men of the time we need a dramatic conception of their character and the development of their views, we also need generalisations, the statement of the great laws and tendencies whose influence can be traced through the tangle of confused facts or conjectures that make up the history of the time. Of that power of wide generalisation, with which Sir John Seeley could illuminate the international confusion of the centuries, there is hardly a trace in Stubbs. It was not his gift, any more than narrative was Seeley's.

"So far as I can read history at all, I can see that the balance of right and wrong, of virtue and vice, is not uniformly the same at every stage or in any person of a dynasty," says the lecturer. This involves a conception of history that is surely obsolete. What we want to find out and record by historical research is what persons and nations did, and how and why they did it, with what aims, in accordance with what tendencies, and with what results. The Professor was quite right in reprobating the writers of the Prussian school who conceived German history as a battle against the wicked Hapsburg, finally won by the good Hohenzollern. Nevertheless, he might have explained much of his clear but dry narrative by laying stress on the tendency of Austria to become chiefly a non-German power by including Magyar and Slav races, and the counter-tendencies of South Germany to crystallise round Bavaria and North Germany round some strong North German state, Saxony or, eventually, Brandenburg. We see these laws working now in some casual event chronicled by a Berlin or Vienna correspondent. But the notion of tendency, which German historians often abuse, Stubbs did not care to use; and though his collected lectures form a very useful short history of the period, yet the breath of life is absent from the bones of the skeleton; and in places they are very dry. Perhaps it is a fact, deplorable rather than unintelligible, that the Regius Professor was apt to exhaust his audience before he had exhausted his subject.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

Things Moroccan

THINGS SEEN IN MOROCCO. By A. J. Dawson. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

HAD this volume appeared just now in France, it would doubtless have met with a hearty reception, for the French appreciate what they have gained by the recent agreement with England; but interest here is so slight, outside circles in touch with Morocco, that it will have to stand on its merits. These are not few, but the valuable portion is the final third, consisting of able articles reprinted from reviews, covering the political events of Morocco during the past four years. Some



Illustration from "Things Seen in Morocco." (Methuen.)

repetition might have been avoided with advantage by a little editing, and more gained by a re-arrangement of the volume, which at first sight appears another series of the author's "African Nights' Entertainments," interspersed with short newspaper articles on Moorish administration. It is true Mr. Dawson calls it what it is. "a book of jottings," so excusing "its inconsequent character," but by making it so he does himself an injustice, and will disappoint both those who seek information and those who seek amusement.

The "Fortnightly" and subsequent articles—the first purporting to be from the pen of a Moor—contain as good an account as is to be found anywhere of the recent uprising in Eastern Morocco—misnamed in the newspapers "rebellion," as its leader was misnamed "pretender." Of special value is the letter from that

interesting individual calling on the tribes near Tetuan to follow him and "purge" the Islám of his country, a document which will prove of historic interest. The story of the "Rogui's" buried witness to the delights of "Firdâôs," by the way, has been "done before" by a predecessor of his. Written, however, while negotiations between France and England were still in progress, these chapters now lack application where they deal with possibilities, but they are fairly accurate. Only one error (twice repeated) calls for correction, and that is the familiar suggestion that in nominating the lad Abd el Aziz to succeed him, Mulai El Hassan did his elder sons, born of lawful wives, an injustice. This was not the case, as no law of primogeniture is recognised in the matter, and Mohammedans are far ahead of us in granting equal rights to every son, whoever his mother. In Morocco the custom has always prevailed of the sultans nominating which son they would to succeed, ensuring his success as a rule by placing him in command of the army, or a metropolitan city.

When we turn to the main section of the volume, there is much to disappoint as well as fascinate. No one questions the author's possession of what he styles the "much-besmirched artistic temperament," which, as he truly remarks, is "an essential qualification for the right presentation of pictures, in prose or poetry, music or painting," which no other qualifications will replace; but does this excuse inaccuracy, or an untruthful presentation? One could not forgive the most artistic painter an impossible contour of a human limb, the most artistic poet for muddling the seasons, or the most artistic composer for jarring notes: why should not the prose-artist give us equal accuracy? If Mr. Dawson had the marvellous gift of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, more could be overlooked, but he defends what others might think carelessness. Not to mention linguistic errors in Arabic, which do not affect the general reader (such impossibilities, for instance, as the name "Ben Ibn"—"Son-of-Son"—or "the jagged peaks of the Ain Sfroo"—"a'in" meaning "well"), one may quote the misspelling of the name of the local English newspaper, "Spillbury" for "Spilsbury," "Keatings" for "Keatinge," "Guiterrez" for "Gutierrez," and "Fernandos" for "Fernando." Needless to say the author's favourite expressions recur in this book, linking it on to the others, *e.g.*, "by token" (five times), "lush" (twice), "natheless," "parlous," &c., with "Bism Illah" interjected at every turn, often inappropriately, where a Moor would have employed another reference to the Deity. Mr. Dawson's familiar "beachcombers," half-breeds, English renegades, and other rare birds in Morocco also make their reappearance.

In the opening chapter it is instructive to see Mr. Dawson painfully flogging his text-books, as though to ease his conscience, but surely a general acknowledgment would serve better, and preclude all criticism. One of his recent volumes, "Hidden Manna," for instance, contains moulded excerpts from one of those extensive text-books, but, doubtless, this was the "Manna" of the title. In that case the novel procedure was adopted of writing the preface in the third person, and of attributing to the author's experience the intimate knowledge so borrowed, which he now affects to despise. One cannot but feel, too, that a due acknowledgment of the authorship of the illustrations would have been an advantage; for example, how much is missed by not being told that those facing page 195 are "By Hell of Tangier!" The disguise in which the author appears at page 350 would do for a fancy ball, but hardly for Morocco, where such mustachios as there appended are never worn—if anywhere in real life—and where men do not wear the tassels of their caps over their eyes, or their daggers outside their cloaks. However, for all the reviewer knows, the disguise may be as perfect as in the portrait of himself in a blanket which he found in a "work" on Morocco sent for review in these columns some years ago, labelled "A Tetuan Woman"!

Perhaps the most unfortunate thing about the book, however, is its title, for not only are the scenes of some of the stories laid in England, but none of the other incidents—save two excellent chapters of personal experience—were ever seen in Morocco while awake, and most of them could not have happened there under any conceivable circumstances. But this is where Mr. Dawson's forte shows itself, for he certainly can most weirdly present impossible stories, surrounding them with local colour and detail, and the indescribable atmosphere that never was which Westerners have imbibed from the "Arabian Nights." After all, it is effect, not accuracy, that he seeks, but too much inaccurate effect is apt to create a false impression, nullifying the advantages of his more sober pages. These clever tales will be enjoyed by those to whom Morocco is but a name, but woe betide them if they fall into the hands of any with a better knowledge of the country than may be derived from the "round trip" of the ports.

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

Eastward Ho!

FAR EASTERN IMPRESSIONS. By Ernest F. G. Hatch, M.P. Japan—Korea—China. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)

FROM out the ruck of books on the Far East, some of them written to order, others the veriest re-hash of journalistic jottings, but all designed to meet the popular inquiry anent things at the seat of war, this book of Ernest Hatch stands out pre-eminently. Three years ago he made a tour of Japan, Korea, and China, and at the time was at pains to collect and note down many facts and opinions bearing upon the varying phases of the Far Eastern problem, and particularly upon its commercial aspects. The outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war suggested to him that "these impressions of a man of business might have an interest at the present juncture." They have. There is nothing showy, slipshod, or slap-dash about the book. It is a serious, non-journalistic, but eminently readable *résumé* of things as they were and are, and, considering that the author can only have spent a relatively short time in each of the three countries which he describes, his powers of absorption of material facts, and of giving these forth again in succinct form, are quite abnormal and exceptional. Appropriately enough it is the commercial aspect of affairs which attracts him most, and he has much of interest and even of novelty to say thereon. He has strong and well-founded opinions; he says, for instance: "A Russianised China would mean a China with a great tariff wall built around it, which would be an effectual barrier to the trade of every other nation." And who shall say him nay? Incidentally a passage on Japanese Earthquakes seems to have the true note of local colour: "While I was lunching with Mr. Bardens at Kobe we had three earthquakes. At the first, all the windows rattled vigorously, but not sufficiently to alarm me. Indeed, if Mrs. Bardens had not got up in terror, exclaiming 'Earthquake!' I should have thought little of it. They say that, unlike most things, you do not get used to earthquakes, but you become more afraid of them after each shock." This sounds very real. Korea

impressed Mr. Hatch mainly by its backwardness, its inertia, and its developable resources. Japan charmed and delighted him; China impressed him, but made him sad. This is exactly as it should be, and to a man of sense and sensibility no other impressions could be possible. On the whole, therefore, this is a particularly readable book, full of information simply set forth, well provided with good maps, and peppered with quite excellent photographs of men and things typical, curious and interesting.

JAPANESE ART. By Sadakichi. Hartmann. (Putnam. 6s. net.)

THIS is quite the best brief survey of Japanese art that we remember to have seen, clear, concise and accurate. The writing of a text-book of any art is no easy undertaking, and the author of this volume may be complimented on having acquitted himself of an excellent piece of work.

This book is not intended for the expert, who has already been sufficiently catered for, but aims at presenting the general public with a popular history of Japanese art. The leading schools and their foremost exponents are clearly dealt with, and incidentally Mr. Hartmann gives us many a thoughtful criticism and much technical information of an interesting and instructive character. As an example of the author's good works, we may take his treatment of that difficult subject, the difference between Japanese principles of composition and those of the Occident. One of the first points that strike the close observer who compares Eastern—particularly Japanese—art with Western is that the former ignores frames and the latter lays only too much stress upon them. In our pictorial art frames act as acute boundaries up to which the painter works, leaving the spectator to believe that the picture is continued, so to speak, beyond these bounds; the Japanese artist does not isolate his picture in this manner, but "tries to make his picture merely a note of superior interest in perfect harmony with the rest of the kakemono, which, again, is in perfect harmony with the wall in which it is placed." All this and much more that our author lays before us is no new news, but it is all very clearly put, and to the casual lover of things Japanese will not only come somewhat in the light of a revelation, but will greatly assist him to appreciate the idiosyncrasies of Japanese art. Conciseness of expression is another characteristic of Japanese work—both in literature and the other arts—to which Mr. Hartmann rightly calls the student's notice; a conciseness which is rarely aimed at and still more rarely attained by the artists and writers of the West, though in recent years the influence of Japanese art upon our own may be traced in many quarters. The chapter in this volume on "The Influence of Japanese Art on Western Civilisation" seems to us rather out of place in a text-book, more especially as it deals with highly controversial matters in a highly provocative manner. For examples, take this statement, that "nearly two-thirds of all painters who have become prominent during the last twenty years have learnt, in one instance or another, from the Japanese," a sentence that is not only clumsy in expression but surely exaggerated in statement, and this, that the Pre-Raphaelites "borrowed their method of perspective" from Japan! The author is aware that many will "shake their heads" at this last: we certainly do, and smile, and pass on.

There are good chapters on Architecture and Sculpture, the Ornamental Arts, and Modern Japanese Art. On the whole, as we have said, a good book; a better it would have been if the author had remembered that theories are out of place in a text-book. The illustrations are numerous, but scarcely well chosen examples; of the colour prints we cannot speak highly.

W. T. S.

WILLIAM ADAMS: AN OLD ENGLISH POTTER. Edited by William Turner, F.S.S. (Chapman & Hall. 30s. net.)

THE fact that there were no less than four noteworthy potters of the name of William Adams living at the same time, has, as was inevitable, caused a great deal of confusion and many mistakes in the identification of their work. A careful study of the finely illustrated volume just issued under the able editorship of Mr. William Turner, F.S.S., author of a useful book on the Ceramics of Swansea and Nantgarw, will, however, finally remove the difficulties of the connoisseur and collector, who will no doubt be able fully to appreciate the vast amount of arduous toil represented in the careful lists of examples of the ware produced at the Greengates, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent and Greenfield factories.



Illustration from "Far Eastern Impressions." (Hutchinson.)

In a brief unsigned Preface it is explained that the MS. of the work now completed was begun several years ago by a member of the Adams family, whose name is not given, for private circulation only; but in view of the rapid accumulation of interesting material it was finally decided to issue the book to the general public. The

services were wisely secured of the well-known expert Mr. C. F. Cox, of Whalley Range, Lancashire, who sifted the information supplied from many different sources, arranged the specimens selected for illustration, and conjointly with Mr. Percy Adams drew up the lists of blue printed ware, jasper and fine stone ware, &c., superintending also the collection of the even more valuable facsimile reproductions of distinctive marks.

The four potters who are here passed in able review and "whose grit and talent," to quote the words of their critic, "placed their mark in the midst of their work," were William, founder of the famous Greengates factory, the most noteworthy personality of a noteworthy group, whose dates are given as 1745 to 1805; his cousins and namesakes of Burslem and Stoke-on-Trent, who lived, one from 1748 to 1831, and the other from 1772 to 1829, and the son of the latter who was born in 1798 and died in 1865.

The account of William Adams of Greengates is of course the most interesting of the four. He was, it is said, the favourite pupil of Josiah Wedgwood, and his death was a great blow to his old master, who, in writing to his partner Bentley, "wondered whether any of his young men would have perseverance sufficient to carry forward the work he had begun in the jasper." Some of the examples given of his productions in that medium, notably the Medallion Bracelet, with its classic subjects in cameo, belonging to Miss Napier, the ewer-shaped Vase owned by Mr. Maurice Spero, and the vase-shaped Coffee Pot from Hartsholme Hall, are indeed almost equal to the productions of a similar kind of Wedgwood himself, though no such high praise can be given to the stoneware that is as a rule less finely executed.

Though they are not so well known as their namesake of Greengates, and their successes were never so dramatic as his, the other three potters of the gifted family were earnest and thoughtful designers, skilful craftsmen, and straightforward men of business. The notes quoted from the diary of William Adams of Burslem give many charming glimpses of contemporary society and manners. There are many pathetic touches in the lives of his cousins of Stoke-on-Trent and Greenfield, and some significant data are included in the chapter on the "Earlier Family and their Relatives." The one drawback to what will probably eventually take rank among the standard works on Ceramics is the somewhat awkward arrangement of the text. The personal details, for instance, that are so effective as a leaven of dry technical descriptions, are gathered together at the end of the volume, instead of being woven as they might well have been into a consecutive narrative, and the various appendices are scarcely of importance enough to warrant their separate printing. They, too, should have been embodied in earlier chapters, as will be seen by the concluding sentence of the last: "In considering the many improvements effected by those old eighteenth-century potters, it is impossible to withhold from them a meed of praise for their zeal, energy, and inventions."

NANCY BELL.

Poetry

SWEET HOURS. By Carmen Sylva. (Everett. 2s. 6d.)

AN ELEGY. By Vivian Locke Ellis. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE ANGEL OF MISFORTUNE: A FAIRY TALE. By Nagesh Wishwanath Pai. (Bombay: Mulgaokar. Rs. 2½.)

Two only of these books have a certain basis of merit. First of these we would put the "Sweet Hours," which bears the name of Carmen Sylva. But we are met at the outset by a problem which puzzles us no little. "Carmen Sylva" is the well-known pen-name of the Queen of Roumania. Now, Her Majesty of Roumania is by birth a German, by residence a naturalised Roumanian. Her literary tongue, in either capacity, is certainly not English. Her previous books, to the best of our knowledge, have appeared in this country as translations; and, of course, with the translator's name. But this book not only is without any translator's name, but without the slightest notification or indication that it *is* a translation. Has the Queen ventured on the hazardous experiment of poetising in a foreign tongue—and that tongue a tongue so peculiarly difficult as English? Or is this a translation, to which the translator's modesty has shrunk from putting his name? In the latter case, however commendable the modesty, we should at least have been informed that it *was* a translation. Left in this dubiety, we can but assume the probability that a translation it is; and remark that, in such case, it is a very poor translation. The English is idiomatic enough, but the poems show a complete lack of elementary dexterity in the handling of verse. It is prose in metrical lengths, not poetry. So far as we can discern through the veil of what we take to be an unskilful rendering, Carmen Sylva's work shows often a genuine strength of feeling, and a certain grace of fancy. We can well conceive the original to have been poetry of a very fair quality, often with a true personal note. But beyond this it is not possible to go, on the evidence merely of this English representation.

Mr. Locke Ellis' "Elegy" is a series of poems which are very much like truncated sonnets, consisting of ten instead of fourteen lines. They exhibit a certain degree of thought, a certain degree of imagination. But the involution of metaphor and imagery in general is so extraordinary, that the general trend and meaning of the series is still a mystery to us. They are obscure to a degree; and the diction tends very much to wilful inflation. Not without merit, we cannot assign to them any high rank as poetry. For the rest, the Hindu gentleman's poem is verse in the manner of the late eighteenth century.

Fiction

DOROTHEA. By Maarten Maartens. (Constable, 6s.) Mr. Maartens' reputation, already large, will be added to by this "story of the pure in heart." The book, a long one, abounds in good things; and the characters, which are many, are individualised and lifelike, a notable gallery of portraits. Dorothea, the heroine, is perhaps the least interesting; partly, no doubt, because the blank purity of a white sheet of paper, exquisite though it may be, is not so interesting as the same document covered with characters, the characters which Fate writes upon it. Dorothea's early years, lived in the seclusion and simple peace of Brodryck with two maiden aunts who have kept themselves "unspotted from the world," prepares her but ill for a gay life in Paris and Monte Carlo with her ease-loving, gambling father. The finest, and perhaps the best realised, character in the book is that of Egon, Dorothea's husband, a manly, lovable and human figure. We must confess that he interested us more than Dorothea, although "man at his best, in his virtues and his failings, is very like a fine-tempered dog; and woman, at her best, is first cousin to an angel." This is the keynote to a remarkable and attractive book. It is full of humour and charm, touched with a strong dramatic instinct and replete with life. "Dorothea" is a book to be read; those who neglect to do so will miss much enjoyment. Life seen through the glasses of Mr. "Maartens" is an absorbingly interesting and delightful thing.

THE WAY OF THE SEA. By Norman Duncan. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) There are, it is said, more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream. So are there more ways than one of writing of the sea and of the men who get their living out of it. The word *truth* is frequently used in this connection. Such an one, we are told, writes with truth of this matter. What is truth? said jesting Pilate. No wonder he paused not for an answer. Whatever the stuff, it was doubtless true to the writer when he penned it; and that it wears another aspect to you or me merely goes to prove that we are differently constituted from the said writer. The question, if it is settled at all, is settled by the vote of the majority. Yet Dr. Johnson said somewhere that the element of truth is the chief attraction in a book. It may have been so in that great man's generation; to-day, one would rather suppose that sentiment is the alluring ingredient. If so, Mr. Duncan should enjoy extensive royalties; and, indeed, one sincerely hopes he will. Whether he writes with truth or not of the savage Northern coasts wherein his scene is laid, may remain a question. He has been there, and he ought to know; and the gods forbid that any reviewer should follow Mr. Whistler's memorable suggestion to a British jury—to take a boat and count the blossoms on the bank, to see if the picture were true. But that Mr. Norman colours his work with sentiment is merely obvious. His subject excites him; and it is a pity that, in inverse proportion, the reader is apt to be depressed. Such little accidents happen when the writer has not learned to use his material. Nevertheless, the chapters called "In the Fear of the Lord," "A Beat t' Harbour," and "The Fruits of Toil," do actually bring off a certain effect. They are episodes, complete in themselves, curious. not unattractive, one-sidedly powerful.

THE ORANGERY. By Mabel Dearmer. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) Mrs. Dearmer's name on the cover seems to promise good things to those of us who have read and enjoyed "The Noisy Years." But the expectation with which we attack chapter one is doomed to fade away into disappointment and utter lack of interest. How comes it that an author who can do so much better, who can write with charm and feeling, who can introduce a note of individuality into her work, should spend her time in writing such an undistinguished novel? "The Orangery" is laid in Hertfordshire and London of rather more than a hundred years ago; the chief character is one Deborah Carey, a young girl with her head full of romantic ideas mostly culled from the pages of "The Ladies' Monthly Museum or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction." Her capriciousness and shilly-shallying provide the excuse for the story. In the third chapter she merrily starts the ball rolling by refusing, in no very polite terms, the man she loves. When she has recovered from her fit of pique and has fittingly moistened her pillow with her tears, she essays to recapture her lover. The capture is complete in the last chapter, and we leave Deborah and her gallant sitting in the orangery, where "the doves cooed in the limes, the peacocks strutted on the steps, the goldfish twisted in the marble basin." "There is nothing more serious than a comedy," says Miles; "all life is a comedy." We could wish, then, that Mrs. Dearmer had given us something more amusing than her "Comedy of Tears."

THE MASQUERADERS. By "Rita." (Hutchinson, 6s.) A curiously disconnected book, with a slight thread of plot woven into a crowd of odd incidents and varying characters, which read like a true story of life as it is. There is no neat finishing off of tangled threads, no final triumph of poetic justice, no "living happy ever after," but just the incompleteness, the want of finish that mark real life histories, as a rule. The book might be just what it pretends to be—a series of incidents collected during an artistic career and loosely strung together. It throws many a side-light on the humorous and pathetic possibilities of an artiste's life, and abounds in clever character sketches. Of course there are the usual attacks on the morals and manners of the "smart set," without which none of "Rita's" works seem complete since she started tilting at Society windmills. The onslaught in this case is not as violent as some she has indulged in, and for that very reason carries more weight.

Reprints and New Editions

My eyes are drawn to one of the dullest and most unappetising book covers that I have seen for a long time, and I am more than ever shocked when I find it bears a familiar and honoured name, the name of Ireland's greatest novelist—William Carleton. The particular reprint in question is WILLY REILLY. (Half-Forgotten Series, Routledge, 2s.) Why is it included in this series of half-forgotten books? Certainly in Ireland it is not at all forgotten, and in England it cannot be forgotten, for it was practically never known. Why will people read the cheap Irishisms of Lever and Lover, which are a libel on the Irish, and neglect Carleton, whose charming fancy, delicate wit and deep pathos place him in the first rank of novelists? If this reprint can persuade some readers to make his acquaintance we will forgive the publishers the truly dreadful cover. What a pity—if only from the publisher's point of view—to clothe such reprints in such garments, especially a series that has the very praiseworthy aim of rescuing old and once-famous books from the inrushing tide of modern fiction that threatens to engulf them. In Nash's 1s. edition of Popular Novels (Tauchnitz format) is just issued G. B. Burgin's SHUTTERS OF SILENCE, an excellent addition to those already published. No doubt this, perhaps the most popular novel of Mr. Burgin, will find a ready sale. This edition should be particularly popular in the summer, when travellers can buy a volume and put it in their bag without suffering the much increased weight which an ordinary bound novel would entail. Nathaniel Hawthorne has his full meed of appreciation and popularity in England—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S TALES. (National Library, Cassell, 6d.) Mr. F. Mathew, who contributes the introduction, says: "He was a master of the lost art of rhythmic prose, he had a wonderful insight, a convincing imagination, and a skill that has never been surpassed." The selection includes four stories from "Mosses from an Old Manse," and seven of the "Twice-Told Tales." Another volume in the Mermaid Series—THE BEST PLAYS OF SIR JOHN VANBRUGH. (Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.) Edited with an introduction and notes by A. E. H. Swain. Mr. Swain gives us a very detailed and copious bibliography of Vanbrugh's writings and also a genealogical table by which we can trace the dramatist's descent. We are reminded on opening these plays of Swift's great dislike for Vanbrugh, induced probably by the dramatist's witticisms at the expense of the cloth, and of his sneering remark when he heard of Vanbrugh's presentation to the tabard of Clarencieux king of arms that he might now, indeed pretend to "build *houses*." It is a volume of plays that I am glad to have in so delightful a form. THE SHORTER WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (Newnes, 3s. cloth, 3s. 6d. lambskin, net.) includes among other things "Pericles and Aspasia," "William Shakespeare," and "The Pentameron." At the end of the volume are some selected poems. I particularly like this edition, its size is so handy, its frontispiece so admirable, its end papers so pretty and its covers so artistic. It is an ornament to my bookshelves. A cheap popular edition of Dean Stanley's HISTORICAL MEMORIALS OF CANTERBURY has just come to me from Murray (2s. 6d. net). Of such a book nothing need be said save to remark that the "get-up" leaves nothing to be desired. The illustrations are exceptionally well printed. Would that all reprints were so seemly. THE ETHICS OF THE DUST (Allen, leather 3s. 6d. net, cloth 2s. 6d. net) prettily dedicated by Ruskin to "The Real Little Housewives," can now be placed on our shelves beside "The Lectures on Art" and the other goodly volumes of the Ruskin Pocket Edition. POEMS BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS (Routledge, cloth 1s. net, leather 2s.) have been reprinted under the author's supervision from the fourteenth edition. The reprint is handy and pleasant to handle. Two more volumes in The Little Quarto Shakespeare (Methuen)—KING HENRY IV. Part I. and II.—are to hand. Altogether the reprints are more interesting than usual this week.

F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Volumes V. to VIII. of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of "The Letters of Horace Walpole" are to be published this month. These volumes include 819 letters, written between November, 1760, and May, 1774, and sixteen illustrations in photogravure, four being portraits of Horace Walpole himself.—The Delegates of the Clarendon Press have taken over the series of geographical memoirs known as "The Regions of the World," which is under the general editorship of Mr. H. J. Mackinder, and in future this series will be published by Mr. Henry Frowde. Two new volumes will be issued this year: "North America," by Prof. Israel Russell, of the University of Michigan, at the end of this month, and "India," by Sir Thomas Holdich, K.C.I.E., in the early autumn. It is hoped that "The Far East," by Mr. Archibald Little, will soon be in the press. The three volumes which have already appeared are "Britain and the British Seas," by Mr. Mackinder; "Central Europe," by Prof. J. Partsch; and "The Nearer East," by Mr. D. G. Hogarth.—Mr. H. R. Allenson is just about to issue a new edition of Bishop Boyd Carpenter's suggestive "Thoughts on Prayer." The volume will be neatly bound in art linen.—Mr. Wm. Heinemann will publish on May 18 a new story by Mrs. E. L. Voynich, entitled "Olive Latham."—Messrs. Frederick W. Wilson & Co., of Glasgow, will publish shortly "The Official Guide to the Islands of Staffa and Iona," with notes on the botany, zoology and ornithology of these islands. The same firm will also issue new editions of "The Strongholds of the Hills," and their "Pocket Guide from Glasgow to Belfast," published in connection with Messrs. G. & J. Burns' Royal Mail service.—Miss May Hezlet, who has twice been the Ladies' Open Champion Golfer, is the author of a volume entitled "Ladies' Golf," which will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.—Messrs. Methuen announce that they will publish Miss Marie Corelli's new novel during the summer.—Mr. John Lane will publish on May 18 an important book of travel, "Africa from South to North through Marotseland," by Major A. St. H. Gibbons, F.R.G.S. Mr. Lane also announces for the same date a book of poems by Mr. A. E. J. Legge, entitled "Land and Sea Pieces."

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Clark (The Rev. Henry W.), The Christ from Without and Within (Melrose) net 3/5
Caldecott (Alfred), and Mackintosh (The Rev. H. R.), edited by, Selections from the Literature of Theism.....(T. & T. Clark) net 7/6
Kennard, D.D. (The Rev. J. Spencer), Psychic Power in Preaching (Hodder & Stoughton) 5/0
Tasker (The Rev. Prof. J. G.), Does Haeckel Solve the Riddles? (Kelly) 0/1

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

Anderson (J. Redwood), The Music of Death.....(Clifton: Baker) net 2/0
Nott (Vernon), The Journey's End, and Other Verses.....(Greening) 2/6
Bennett (Alfred), Ballads of the Briny, and Other Verses (Gay & Bird) net 2/6
Brandes (George), Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature. Vol. V. The Romantic School of France.....(Heinemann) net 12/0
Belloc (H.), Avril, being Essays on the Poetry of the French Renaissance .....(Duckworth) net 5/0
Murray (Gilbert), translated by, The Hippolytus of Euripides (Allen) net 1/0
Haney, Ph.D. (John Louis), edited by, Early Reviews of English Poets.....(Philadelphia: The Egerton Press)
Risk (R. K.), Songs of the Links.....(Morton) net 1/0

History and Biography

Turner, F. S. S. (Wm.), edited by, William Adams, an Old English Potter .....(Chapman & Hall) net 30/0
Johnston (R. M.), Napoleon, a Short Biography.....(Macmillan) 6/0
Gleig, M.A. (the late George Robert), edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig, Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington (Blackwood) net 15/0

Travel and Topography

Clinch (George), The Isle of Wight.....(Methuen) 3/0
Tayler (Constance J. D.), Koreans at Home.....(Cassell) 3/6

Art

Hartmann (Sadakichi), Japanese Art.....(Putnams) net 6/0
Turner (J. M. W.), Liber Studiorum.....(Newnes) net 10/6
Dircks (Rudolf), Auguste Rodin.....(Siegle) net 1/6 and 2/6
Emanuel (Frank L.), The Illustrators of Montmartre (Siegle) net 1/6 and 2/6
Wilberforce (Wilfrid), and Gilbert (A. R.), Velasquez...(Methuen) net 2/6
Annual Report of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass. (Cambridge Press)

Educational

Mead (Prof. W. E.), edited by, The Squyr of Lowe Degre.....(Ginn) 5/0
McMillan (Margaret), Education through the Imagination (Sonnenschein) 3/6
Kirkman, B.A. (F. B.), Premières Lectures.....(Black) 1/0
Lyde, M.A. (Lionel W.), An Elementary Geography of the World (Black) 1/4
Brown, B.A. (Hubert), French Composition by Imitation.....(Blackie) 2/0
A Survey of the British Empire.....(Blackie) 2/0
Heath, L.C.P. (Carl), German Strong Verbs and Irregular Weak Verbs .....(Blackie) 1/0
Baker, M.A. (A. T.), edited by, Lamartine, Graziella, three chapters (Blackie) 0/4
Decimals and the Metric System.....(Blackie) 0/2
Rappoport, Ph.D. (A. S.), A Primer of Philosophy.....(Murray) net 1/0

Miscellaneous

Boutmy (Emile), translated by E. English, with Introduction by J. E. C. Bodley, The English People.....(Unwin) 16/0
Hatch, M.P. (Ernest F. G.), Far Eastern Impressions: Japan—Korea—China ..... (Hutchinson) net 6/0
The Ancestor, No. 9.....(Constable) net 5/0
Linne (Ellen, or G.), The Virgin and the Fool.....(Greening) 2/0
Edgar (Wm. C.), The Story of a Grain of Wheat.....(Newnes) 1/0
Horsfall (T. C.), compiled by, The Improvement of the Dwellings and Surroundings of the People: The Example of Germany (Manchester University Press) 1/0
Marr (T. R.), Housing Conditions in Manchester and Salford (Manchester University Press) 1/0
Markham (Violet B.), The New Era in South Africa (Smith, Elder) net 3/6
Schofield, M.D. (Alfred T.), Unconscious Therapeutics; or, The Personality of the Physician.....(Churchill) net 5/0
Jordan (Wm. Leighton), Astronomical and Historical Chronology (Longmans) net 2/0
Hime (Lieut.-Colonel H. W. L.), Gunpowder and Ammunition: Their Origin and Progress.....(Longmans) net 9/0
Leith (E. S.), The Book of the Country Cottage.....(Treherne) net 1/0
St. Bride's Institute Library Catalogue, supplement (St. Bride Foundation)
Cooke (C. Kinloch), Chinese Labour.....(Macmillan) 0/3
Lads' Drill Association Annual Report.....(The Association)
Humphreys, M.A. (The Rev. Canon), Fair Play.....(Skeffington) 0/6
Huberich, D.C.L. (C. H.), The Trans-Isthmian Canal...(Texas: Austin)
The State Remedy for Poverty, by a Doctor of Medicine...(Standring) 0/1

Fiction

"Bianca's Caprice," by Morley Roberts (White), 6/0; "The King of Diamonds," by Louis Tracy (White), 6/0; "England's Elizabeth," by His Honour Judge E. A. Parry (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Around a Distant Star," by Jean Delaire (Long), 6/0; "For Faith and Navarre," by May Wynne (Long), 6/0; "Wall Street Stories," by E. Lefèvre (Putnams), 3/6; "Wolves," by R. H. Sherard (Greening), 6/0; "Nature's Comedian," by W. E. Norris (Longmans), 6/0; "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston (Constable), 6/0; "Court Cards," by Austin Clare (Unwin), 6/0; "The Faith of Men and Other Stories," by Jack London (Heinemann), 6/0; "Deep Sea Vagabonds," by Albert Sonnichsen, Able Seaman (Methuen), 6/0; "The Kiss of the Enemy," by Headon Hill (Cassell), 6/0; "Lord and Lady Aston," by E. H. Cooper (Nash), 6/0; "The Manor House," by S. E. Hall (Jarrold), 3/6; "Jones's Baby," by L. H. de Visme Shaw (Everett), 6/0; "In the Wrong Box," by Fox Russell (Everett), 3/6; "The Antipodeans," by Mayne Lindsay (Arnold), 6/0; "Mr. Montgomerie, Fool," by Garrett Mill (Blackwood), 6/0; "The Red-Keggers," by Eugene Thwing (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; "El Dorado," by Robert Cromie (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Peaceable Fruit," by Cranstoun Metcalfe (Melrose), 6/0; "The Corner-Stone," by David Lyall (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; "Helen in Morocco," by Mary Muckart (Sands), 6/0; "The Lost Blue Diamond of the Stuarts," by Lewis Ramsden (Henderson), 0/3.

Reprints and New Editions

Moring: "The Gull's Hornbook," by Thomas Dekker, edited by R. B. McKerrow, net 7/6; "The Defence of Guenevere," by Wm. Morris, edited by R. Steele, net 2/6; "Chaucer's Man of Laws Tale," &c., done into modern English by the Rev. Prof. W. W. Skeat, net 1/0; "The History of Fulk Fitz-Warine," Englished by Alice Kemp-Welch, net 1/6.
Newnes: "The Shorter Works of Walter Savage Landor," net 3/6.
Chatto & Windus: "Harry Fludyer at Cambridge, and Conversational Hints for Young Shooters," by R. C. Lehmann, 1/0 and 1/6.
Allen: "The Ethics of the Dust," by John Ruskin (Pocket Edition), net 2/6.
Routledge: "Poems," by Sir Lewis Morris (authorised selection); "The Art of Speaking," by E. Pertwee; "Willy Reilly," by W. Carleton.
Cassell: "Nathaniel Hawthorne's Tales," a selection, net 0/6.
Treherne: "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth" (Waistcoat Pocket Series), each net 1/0.
Nash: "The Shutters of Silence," by G. B. Burgin, net 1/0.
Unwin: "Sir John Vanbrugh," edited by A. E. H. Swain, net 2/6.
Putnams: "The Book Lover," by James Baldwin, net 2/6; "Mr. Roosevelt and the Presidency," by a Spectator.
Methuen: "The First and Second Parts of King Henry IV.," edited by W. J. Craig. (2 vols.)
MacLehose: "Hakluyt's Voyages," Vols. V. and VI.
Ward, Lock: "The Red Eric," by R. M. Ballantine, 1/6; "Guide to Brighton," 1/0.
Allenson: "Great Souls at Prayer," selected by Mrs. Mary W. Tileston, net 2/6.
Richards: "The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," from the Text of Professor Skeat, Vol. II., net 1/0; "The Spirit of the Age," by Wm. Hazlitt, net 1/0.

Sixpenny Reprints

Unwin: "How to be Happy though Married."
Newnes: "A Man of the Moors," by Halliwell Sutcliffe.
Ward, Lock: "Uncle John," by G. J. Whyte-Melville; "The History of a Crime," by Victor Hugo; "Japhet in Search of a Father," by Captain Marryat; "The Diamond Coterie," by Lawrence L. Lynch; "The Survivor," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Out of a Labyrinth," by Lawrence L. Lynch; "The Detective's Dilemma," by Emile Gaboriau; "The Conflict of Evidence," by R. Ottolengui; "Lady Barbarity," by J. C. Snaith.
Long: "The Golden Wang-Ho," by Fergus Hume.

Periodicals

"Westminster Review," "Geographical Journal," "Bookman" (American), "Golden Sunbeams," "Bibelot," "Jewish Quarterly Review," "The Author," "The Lamp," "The Critic," "The Isis," "The Five O'Clock," "Bible Society Monthly Reporter," "Gleanings," "The Johns Hopkins University Circular," and "The Reader's Index."

Egomet

IT has often struck me as curious that literature has had so little to say of the greatest fact of life—death. By literature here I do not mean of course theological or scientific writings, but poetry and fiction. To the poet death is something grand or something lovely, something abstract rather than concrete. In the writers of fiction I find—to my thinking—death dealt with from an impersonal point of view. I do not know whether I am making myself clear. It is the scenic effect of death, or its tragedy, or its mere sorrow, or its horror for the spectator that novelists treat; but what of the dying man or woman, what does death mean to him or her?

PERHAPS literature cannot rise to such a height; perhaps you will answer me that not knowing what death is or means no man can write of it. To me that answer is not satisfying, for men have written nobly of many things that no man has ever known, and it is one of the parts of imagination to enable a great writer to set that down for us which only his mental eye has seen. So, is it not strange that—as far as my knowledge runs—no writer has tried to imagine for us mortal men what are the sensations accompanying death? Is death a sinking into unconsciousness, a ceasing of the pain of living? Perchance I ask too much of the human intellect; can I expect any mind to grasp the innermost meaning of a fact of the existence of which men are for the most part of their lives forgetful, a fact the reality of which few of us—if any—can grasp?

I OFTEN ask myself if other men are as I am, do they feel, think, see, hear in precisely the same way as I do? When you and I look upon a fair landscape, when each of us says "How beautiful," what do we mean? Is the beauty that I see the beauty that is visible to you? Am I the only man in the world? Are all the rest of you mere figments of my brain, shadows born to prevent my being lonely? And in this matter of dying do you—if you exist—think as I do? Think as seldom of it as I do? Realise it as little as I do? For I do not—cannot bring myself to realise that one day I shall be no more; that one day I shall close my eyes never more to open them, that my limbs will sink into a repose that never more shall be broken, that my brain shall frame no more thoughts and receive no more impressions, and that my heart that has beaten from the hour I drew breath down to this present moment shall stand still for everlasting; that the world will go on, but that I shall be in my place no more.

RUSKIN, in a beautiful passage, dealing with the first impressions made upon the mind by the view of a snow-clad alp, writes of "an apprehension of its eternity, a pathetic sense of its perpetualness, and your own transientness . . . a sense of strange companionship with past generations . . . they have ceased to look upon it; you will soon cease to look also, and the granite wall will be for others." I do realise much of this, but not all. I do apprehend the solemn sense of eternity, I have that sense of companionship with the generations that are dead, I do know that for myriads of years to come this granite wall will be for others, I do understand that you—the comrade beside me—will soon cease to look, but I cannot realise that I also shall do so. No, I do not know whether others are in this matter as I am, but I have never yet realised that I shall die. Did I do so I verily believe it would kill me with terror, or rather with horror.

AS far as my reading goes no poet and no writer of fiction has dealt with this frame of mind, in which after all I cannot be unique. Zola has touched upon it, but the weakling he paints is merely afraid of the physical pain which may but which probably does not accompany death. What I recoil from is the being torn away from this life, this life which I know and love, with its companionships, its enjoyments, its very pains. Or rather from that I should recoil if I realised that such a tearing away has to come one day; but I do not realise it, and judging from the writings of those who have striven to paint for us the workings of the human heart, no man or woman does realise it. "To be or not to be" quoth the discursive Hamlet, but he did not for an instant realise what is meant by "not to be." Nor do I. Do you?

E. G. O.

Alembroth

I

"Do you believe in God?"
"That is a bold question."
"But this is the land of free speech."
"It is also the land of free silence."

II

"Do you believe in God?"
"Again!"
"It is the one question this time of ours puts to the soul."
"It is the one question each man must answer for himself and to himself."
"Soon—very soon—the world will demand importunately an answer to this question from all men of any eminence."
"I should decline to answer. Thought, also, is free."
"Thought is not free. You must think 'yes' or 'no.'"

III

"Do you believe in God?"
"You *have* courage!"
"Do you believe in God?"
"This is my answer: I believe in the world; I know it; I see it; I am in it. Whether I am of it or not is my business. I know, further, that the world has no God worthy of the name; that it does not deserve God. I believe the best thing the world could do would be to put away the idea of God for a hundred years, and definitely set about the study of itself. When it understands itself, has taken itself thoroughly to task, and made itself worthy of a God, then it may again begin to think of God."

IV

"Do you believe in God?"

V

If there is one thing I am certain of it is that literature is not intended to be written about, or lectured on, or abused for any critical, hortatory, or educational purpose whatever. I speak feelingly; not having had the courage to die of starvation, I reviewed several books every week for a dozen years.

VI

A man may have his last fight with the supernatural when the woman he loves dies. Must he not go mad or believe that

he will see her again? But men now begin to conquer both the madness and the desire to believe a lie. Women will always believe in the supernatural—that is, women who are women; lovers and mothers to wit. *Will* women always believe in the supernatural?

VII

I suppose the poet must always use the current literature and philosophy; they are a very considerable part of his material. If he concerns himself only with life he cannot be a representative writer, which I take to be the ambition of all poets worthy of the name. It is only the writer of his own time who is for all time.

VIII

No human being ever understood another. Anyone can test this; all have tested it. The moment we begin to explain we say something different from our meaning, and are believed to have said something our words do not convey—as you and I are doing now.

IX

Those who suffer, say "injustice;" those who inflict, say "justice." But it is neither; it is a function of matter whereby men injure and kill each other, producing change. There is no justice or injustice in an avalanche or a landslip or a typhoon; neither is there justice or injustice in the extermination of the black rat by the grey or the red man by the white. These are affairs of matter, into which intelligence does not enter. As soon as two people unite to do anything intelligence vanishes; an automatic force takes its place which obeys material laws blindly, and sometimes blindly struggles against them. The Peace Congress was the overture to a hundred years of war that began with our "fight to a finish" in South Africa, and proceeds now in Cipango and Cathay.

X

"Would you sooner be wrong with yourself than right with the rest of the world?"

"The fact that the world thinks me wrong is a sure sign that I am what I wish to be."

"What is that?"

"Myself."

XI

Whatever has to be taught is a lie—some liturgy, catechism, or dead language. French is a lie in an English classroom; it is the truth in Paris. Men need no teaching. Fact is known to all, and only requires to be stated to be recognised. To educate a party? Yes; it was a Jew did that; and it was a Scotchman, Hebraic to the marrow, who wrote the "Latter-day Pamphlets." The highest intelligences are always compelled to do the most unintelligent things. Matter wins all along the line.

XII

I rate Darwin higher than any other man who wrote in the last century; but in the meantime I do not believe that Natural Selection accounts for the origin of species; it only accompanied the origin of species. No beast was evolved out of another beast. Matter tried again and again, and at last produced man. The various races of men are not connected. The white man, the black man, the red man, and the yellow man had not a common origin any more than a common language. Matter always recalled in its unconscious memory what it had done, and improved on past attempts. Why has it stopped; or is that of "Beyond-man" a new effort begun, or only a madman's dream? I pronounce against it. "Beyond-man" could only come about by *un*-natural selection, like prize cattle: hateful.

XIII

Affirmation, as I employ it, is the strongest form of interrogation. Every conception of man must be placed in the mortar, comminuted, dissolved, tested with every reagent we have at command, and analysed qualitatively and quantitatively for a hundred years to come. And here poetry will come into something of its own. The functions of poetry are manifold; many of them, perhaps, undiscovered. One is chemical; as a divulsive, poetry has yet to perform.

XIV

I am not to be forgiven. But why should I be forgiven? Why should any one be forgiven? Or, rather, let me put it as I mean it: Can any one be forgiven? Is forgiveness possible? I think not; the things that are forgiven do not require forgiveness. If it were possible to forgive it would be possible to forget, which is absurd.

XV

There should be no respect for the dead, their characters, opinions, or reputations. For the living, respect—that is, if the world is to go on. Few natures are powerful enough to relish disrespect, or even to be indifferent to opinion; and the powerful ones who have the greatest contempt for opinion are very often those who for economic reasons have to consider it most. There should be no respect for the dead—dead men, dead opinions, dead gods. JOHN DAVIDSON.

Science

The Individual versus the Race

IT is safe to assume, I am sure, that no reader of my article of last week finished it without the feeling that it was very far from being at all an adequate statement of the problems it raised. Estimating the practical importance of these problems as highly as I do, I offer no other apology for returning to them. But before raising an aspect of the question hitherto unmentioned, I wish to say one more word about monogamy.

It is, of course, apparent that for the effecting of monogamy Nature should produce an approximately equal number of persons of both sexes, and if she does so, we find an excellent argument for monogamy close to our hand. Now the remarkable facts are these. All the world over, as far as we know, nature produces a very slight preponderance of male children. It is therefore very evident that polygamy, at any rate, is alien to her laws. Every living creature is assuredly meant to reproduce itself; the voluntary extinction of so many in our time being an *obviously morbid* phenomenon. And Nature never varies in the proportion she observes between the sexes. Fortunately, as one is bound to think, science is utterly unable to provide us with the means for interfering with this proportion—numerous attempts to do so having completely failed. I sincerely hope that such knowledge may not arrive until mankind has become truly religious enough not to abuse it. Meanwhile, at any rate, this is nature's arrangement. It is true, of course, that in this, as in other countries, there are a number of "superfluous women"—approximately about one million. This is due to the fact that the death-rate amongst male infants and adolescents is higher—for reasons which certainly cannot be considered here—than among female infants. Hence, at the age of five or thereabouts the numbers of the sexes become equalised, and thereafter woman leads. But this is as morbid a state of affairs as the great excess of women in early military societies, where the men are decimated by war. In such societies polygamy obviously becomes almost inevitable. But nature has not destined man for either the military or the present industrial stage of society—though not one person in a million has ever contemplated anything better. For an admirable consideration of this great question of the balance between the sexes the reader should refer to his Buckle.

But I want to raise another question. In a certain type of book which a wise father places in the hands of his boys when they reach an awkward age, it is laid down as a cardinal fact in physiology that there is an

antagonism between *reproduction* and *individuation*. Beyond a certain point the individual will suffer. This is the veritable cosmic root of the objection to vice. Whatever your objections to sensuality, and whatever their source, you will find that you can resolve them into this natural antagonism between *individuation* and *reproduction*. Now let us look at the earlier stages of life.

The protozoa, as every one knows, are, properly speaking, immortal. They divide and re-divide without end. In their case the individual hardly exists at all, for the individual is itself the reproductive cell. That is to say, in them, there is only reproduction; no individuation being yet seen.

But with the many-celled animals (and not with sin) "came death into the world." In them—from the lowest to the highest—certain cells are set apart for reproduction; and these, being really the race, are immortal. The individual, indeed, is to be regarded as little more than a temporary host for them and, having duly handed them on—having thus fulfilled its destiny—the individual disappears.

But the higher we go, the more important the individual becomes, whilst the reproductive function is subordinated. The reader can easily fill in the details for himself, and will arrive at the logical conclusion that, in the highest individuals, reproduction will be an extremely different affair from the prodigal fecundity of the bacillus, or the fish, so that we reach the stage of "one at a birth"—at which stage humanity, in about eighty-seven cases out of eighty-eight—has already arrived. Furthermore the number of births will tend to fall, on this theory: and so it does. *In part*, therefore, the fall in the birth-rate amongst the higher races is to be regarded as a normal phenomenon, in consonance with this great law. And we can imagine a further stage. Starting with the race which is all race and not individual at all, we may end with the individual which is all individual—the race thus coming to an end. This disastrous sequel is what we already see in many quarters, where individuals are deliberately, in their own persons, putting an end to the process—millions of years in duration—which has produced them.

As usual, I have only time merely to sketch a subject. I have done my best to keep King Charles' head out of this article, which followed naturally as a corollary to the last, but I am bound to refer the reader to the place wherein this fundamental principle of the antagonism between individuation and genesis is first set forth. Biologists had existed for more than two thousand years, with the facts before them, but none of them had seen it. The first and final statement of this law, including certain predictions now fulfilled, is to be found at the conclusion of the "Principles of Biology." Its discovery would alone have sufficed to give its incomparable revealer a permanent place in the history of knowledge.

C. W. Saleeby.

Dramatic Notes

The land of topsy-turveydom has ever been dear to the heart of Mr. W. S. Gilbert from the early days of Bab-Balladom to the latest and, alas, the last of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and true to his old love he now gives us "Harlequin and the Fairy's Dilemma," a veritable revel of upside-downness. It would be an almost impossible task to give a coherent description of the plot of this two-act "original domestic pantomime," impossible and unfair. As I came away from the Garrick Theatre, out into the fresh air and realities, I rubbed my eyes, awaking as it were from a wild fantastic dream, a mad, merry dream, where I had heard old tunes of yester-year, where I had met again the friends of childhood, the good fairy and the wicked demon, clowns, pantaloons, harlequins and so forth, all inextricably mixed up with personages of everyday life, a colonel in the Guards, a mild parson, an irritable lord justice, and two very modern maidens; a dream of a parson-house where the walls and the floors were honeycombed with trap-doors, of demon caves and of transformation scenes. And, oh, how we all had laughed, jokes verbal and jokes physical piling one upon the other until the end of the piece seemed almost flat, for we had laughed too much to laugh any longer.

The actors had so much fun provided for them that they had little else to do save to be serious, by their seriousness adding to the fun of the colossal joke. Mr. Bourchier as the colonel and the clown, Mr. O. B. Clarence as the parson and the harlequin, Mr. Sydney Valentine as the justice and the pantaloon, Miss Violet Vanbrugh as the daughter of an earl and the columbine, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw as the demon Alcohol, and Miss Jessy Bateman as the fairy Rosebud, all entered thoroughly into the spirit of the jest, tempted as they must have been to stop every now and again to join the audience in laughing at their whimsicalities. Mr. Gilbert has once again added to the gaiety of nations.

The Stage Society will present a new and original play in four acts entitled "Ina," by R. O. Prowse, at the Court Theatre on the afternoons of May 16 and 17. The cast is as follows: Knighton, Mr. Norman McKinnel; Egerton, Mr. Loring Fernie; Lady Myon, Miss Granville; Sir James Myon, Mr. Nigel Playfair; Aglionby, Mr. Dawson Milward; Old Mr. Egerton, Mr. Arthur Chesney; Stevens, Mr. Dudley Meredeth; Maidservant, Miss Georgette Serville; Ina, Miss Margaret Halstan. The production will be under the direction of Mr. A. E. George.

"Not bad" is the only verdict that can be passed on "The Bride and Bridegroom" by Mr. Arthur Law, produced last week at the New Theatre; it is small beer, which is not a heady beverage, and the pity is that it could have been made good sound ale if a little more care had been taken in the development of a pretty idea. As it is much of it amuses and the characters would prove highly entertaining were they drawn with a firmer hand and more precision. Thomas Bruce, minor poet and philanderer, and his matter of fact wife, who looks on his poetic philanderings as an excellent safety valve, the bluff Admiral who, unknown to himself, is ruled by his diplomatic wife, all these are quite pleasant company; in the pages of a novel, say, by Miss Fowler they would be capital fun, but the glare of the footlights is too strong for them. On the other hand the pig-loving Lord Beecroft is sheer caricature, a figure of farce, not of comedy. No call is made upon the talents of the performers, but Miss Mary Moore is as finished and fascinating as ever and Mr. Eille Norwood is natural as a young man; how few natural young men we have on the stage at present!

Musical Notes

One of the chief musical events next week, not to say of the season, will be the Joachim Diamond Jubilee celebration on Monday evening at Queen's Hall, which seems likely to prove, as indeed it should, a very notable affair indeed. Long ago Mr. G. F. Watts painted a memorable portrait of



DR. JOACHIM

[*Photo. Elliott and Fry*]

the greatest of latter-day violinists, with which all his admirers are doubtless familiar—if not in its original form, at least in one or other of its multitudinous reproductions. Now a younger and later, but perhaps not less gifted, master of the art of portraiture has tried his hand on the same illustrious "subject," and if the accounts of those who have seen it may be believed, Mr. Sargent's portrait of Dr. Joachim will rank among the most felicitous achievements which have proceeded from even his skilful brush. Given further, as promised, the presence of the Prime Minister to make the presentation, and who shall say that an occasion of unique interest will not have been celebrated in a worthy fashion?

In the programme of music to be performed with the aid of the Queen's Hall Orchestra some of Dr. Joachim's own compositions will naturally find a place. Though it is as that of the inspired interpreter of the great masters of the past that Dr. Joachim's name will live longest in the history of the art, his achievements as a composer of the highest aims and most serious purpose are by no means to be overlooked. One composition from his pen at least—to wit, the Hungarian Concerto—is likely long to find a place in the répertoires of all violinists who are capable of appreciating its beauties and of complying with its technical requirements. In none other of his works perhaps has Dr. Joachim appealed so directly and persuasively to the tastes of the general hearer than in this most delightful and effective work, and perhaps it would have been an even happier choice as a representative production of his pen to be heard on Monday next than that which has been announced.

How shall one measure the value of Dr. Joachim's services to the art which he adorns? And in particular how shall one assess the extent of our indebtedness on this side of the Channel to his genius? Of Dr. Joachim the statement has truly been made that he has been a great moral as well as a great musical influence. From his earliest days he has consistently upheld the claims of all that is noblest and purest in the art of which he is to-day one of the most venerable contemporary figures. Nought that savours of triviality, meretriciousness, or baseness has ever had chance to flourish where Joachim's influence has extended, and though, like others, he has not been free from personal likes and dislikes, amounting sometimes perhaps as regards the latter to what might be classed as prejudices, it would not be easy to over-estimate the value of this consistent championship of the best in all branches of the art whereby his career has been so finely distinguished. It is hard to recall the fact that in Joachim's younger days such a work as the violin concerto of Beethoven was, if not precisely a sealed book, at all events a musical possession whose worth was vastly underrated. How much Dr. Joachim has done by his inspired interpretation of that and other sublime compositions for the violin, among them notably the immortal Chaconne of Bach, to extend the general understanding and appreciation of their beauties, needs no telling.

Nor has it been only the ancient masters who have benefited by his interpretative powers. To Joachim, more than to any other, must be ascribed the widespread understanding and appreciation in this country of one of the greatest of modern composers. I refer of course to Brahms. In the depth, sincerity, and underlying nobility of that great master's music Joachim found from the first that which appealed with peculiar force to his own temperament and nature, so that here again the composer was fortunate in having found an interpreter ideally fitted to do justice to his creations. In every respect, alike as violinist, as composer, and as a man, Dr. Joachim is deserving of all the honour which can be paid him.

Another interesting concert next week should be that of the Philharmonic Society at which Dr. Elgar's new overture "In the South" is to be given among other things. This is the work, of course, which received its first performance recently at Covent Garden. There, however, it was heard so indifferently that a far better notion of it should be obtained in Queen's Hall. Other works to be presented on this occasion for the first time at these concerts are Mr. Herbert Bedford's "Romeo and Juliet" Love Duo—originally produced at the last Norwich Festival, and Glazounow's sixth symphony.

The latter is a composition which has, of course, been heard before in London, and its cleverness is beyond dispute. In fact as an example of musical scholasticism and erudition such an authority as Mr. C. A. Barry has pronounced it to be almost without a rival. Whether even so it is really a great work is more open to question. According to some it is Glazounow's extraordinary tech-

nical facility which must be reckoned his chief danger. He wrote his first symphony, quite a remarkable work, before he was eighteen, and since then he has composed an enormous number of works in many forms, but all displaying a strong individuality, immense learning, vigorous independence, ideas, feeling, colour, &c. Yet somehow not one of his compositions which have so far been heard in this country can be said to have produced any very abiding impression. Since, however, Glazounow is still in the thirties, he may do much yet before he lays down his pen. He is one of the few Russian composers possessed of ample private means and not compelled therefore to combine the practice of his art with the pursuit of some more prosaic calling.

YET another attractive feature of the same programme should be Kreisler's playing in the Beethoven violin concerto. It is a tribute to the unapproachable position occupied by Beethoven's one and only essay in this form that no violinist can ever be regarded as having passed the ultimate test until he has been heard in the interpretation of this glorious work. That particular test Mr. Kreisler has long since withstood successfully in London. But many will certainly look forward to hearing him again, one of the greatest living interpreters of the classics that he is, in a work which stands supreme among the imperishable creations of the art.

INTEREST of a different sort entirely will attach to another of next week's concerts—to wit, that announced for Friday evening by the Royal College of Music in connection with the Ernest Palmer Fund for the encouragement of young British musicians. The facts of this munificent endowment will be generally recalled. This will be the first orchestral concert given in accordance with its provisions. A round dozen of young British musicians will be represented in all by song, symphonic poem, overture, scena, concertstück, rhapsody, variations, suite, and what not, and the outcome will be watched with no little curiosity. Is it not a little significant by the way that not a single symphony proper figures in the list? Your latter-day composer cannot pen a bar, it seems, without the inspiration of a "programme" of some kind or other. Yet, as an acute observer has remarked, in the days of Beethoven and Mozart the feel of the keyboard was "poetic basis" enough for the noblest musical imaginings.

DR. WALFORD DAVIES announces some attractive works for the first orchestral concert on Wednesday next, of the newly organised Bach Choir. Such compositions as the "Academic Festival" overture and the "Schicksalslied" need no commending to good Brahmsites; while Schumann's "Requiem for Mignon," Schubert's "92nd Psalm" and Parry's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" all possess the merits, not always found conjoined, of intrinsic worth and comparative novelty. What a small proportion indeed of the really noble and worthy creations of the greater masters figure in the relatively restricted list of works upon which year in and year out with sad lack of enterprise and imagination the average concert-givers rely! There needs a society which shall perform no works save those which for a decade previously, say, have not been heard in public.

NEXT week I hope to deal with some of the excellent performances at the Royal Opera, "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," "Romeo et Juliette," etc.

Art Notes

The Royal Academy—II

SINCE I wrote my first general survey of the Academy, the public have surged into the galleries; and I need scarcely say that it is before Mr. Sigismund Goetze's large sensational canvas "Despised and Rejected of Men" that the crowd hangs heaviest. It is a curious fact, and one which critics try to pass with shrug of shoulder, that the two sensational pictures of the year are neither of them conspicuous for the splendour of their technical achievement; for, telling as are this huge canvas and the smaller "Famine," by Mr. Dollman, the mastery of craftsmanship displayed in them does not by any means rise high. In Mr. Goetze's Christ, who with bowed head stands bound to the altar "to the unknown God," whilst the passing crowd moves along indifferent to Him, it is abundantly clear that the telling composition and the fine idea would have been enormously enhanced by being painted in the grand manner, with great deep resounding background and strong vigorous black and white, instead of its thin bluish-white treatment. Yet in both these things is a certain musical sense that no shrugging of shoulders may set aside. There is in them both the sensed thing—emotion. It may be crude emotion; but emotion and truth are there; and there are pictures in this exhibition which, whilst they rise far above these in beauty of craftsmanship, are uninteresting and unemotional and dull—in fact, are not creative art.

HOWEVER, to get back to a more orderly survey; and your worthy Britisher loves to do the thing from the beginning right through. I think that we may attribute to the President of the Academy the effort to bring the antiquated old coach into line with modern art; and if the new engines do somewhat strain and shake in their uneasy bed at the vitals of the old machine, it may be that much of the old fabric will soon be broken up, and the Academy come out fresh and strong, so as to bear the strain of its new works. The appointment of Mr. George Clausen to lecture on painting is only the outward sign of much steady reform; and the election of the new members showed the new spirit that is being infused by Sir Edward Poynter since his elevation. The men of particular mark this year are all members. The average of artistic technique is high. The new regulations as to outsiders sending in only three contributions seem to have made no difference—except to the comfort of the selecting committee, which does not matter. Therefore let us to the Artistic Thing.

IN the first room the eye is caught by a good landscape by Leader—sand-dunes show his work at its best. Mr. Arthur Cope sends two good portraits to this room, "The Lord Chief Justice of England" and "The Archbishop of Canterbury." Mr. Briton Riviere's "Youth" shows so many weaknesses, from bad rancid and muddy colour to bad proportion and miserable drawing, that I am fain to hope this picture is a sad pot-boiler, and I sincerely hope it may not boil. Mr. Riviere must not join the old dullards like this—it will never do. It is a relief to go to the fresh painting and bright colour of Mr. Tuke's "In the Morning Sun," with its nude youth standing in the sunlight against the greens of the wood. Mr. George Clausen sends a fine piece of impressionism in his "Willow Trees at Sunset," but his finest effort is

in another room. And Mr. Alfred East gives us a charming canvas of "Cairo" in the warm yellow key which he has so much played upon this year. Lovers of Mr. Peter Graham's sea-scapes will find a typical piece of sea and rocks and gulls, a work full of the sea air. Mr. Wetherbee does well this year. And Mr. Orchardson sends a portrait of a lady which shows the inherent weakness of his technique when applied to life-size subjects—a technique which is so exquisitely beautiful in his picture of "The Lyric" in the next room, where a girl in Empire dress sits at the piano.

THE second room is also graced with a charming romantic landscape by Mr. Wetherbee. Mr. Clausen sends a scene "In the Beanfield." Poor Joan of Arc comes very badly out of the imaginations of Academicians this year. Mr. Bridgman is represented by a very characteristic, which is to say delightful, "On the Housetops, Algiers." Mr. Shannon's muddy portrait of "Martin Harvey" will perhaps come out better in reproduction as a gravure; but Mr. Harvey's head has not yielded to this facile painter's brush the fine lines to which we are accustomed in the photographs. Mr. David Murray is charmingly represented by a landscape in Constable's country, which provides most of his subjects this year. Mr. Edwin Abbey's young woman who dances a "Measure" is so dull and uninteresting a figure, and does the thing so sadly, that we do not linger before his canvas as of old—indeed it is the empty performance of a very fine artist. This *will* happen on occasion. Mr. Cadogan Cowper shows this year a beautiful and gemlike piece of painting that loses no tittle of breadth from its exquisite workmanship, in his "St. Francis of Assisi and the Heavenly Melody." Mr. Seymour Lucas sends a masterly piece, "Finis," of a musician who has just ceased to make music. And the President contributes one of the best pictures of the nude he has painted for many a long day in his "Nymph" bathing, though the beauty of drawing is not equalled by the colouring. But the picture of this room is a little masterpiece, a feast of splendid colour, by Mr. John Swan, the animal painter, of boys bathing—not only the gem of this room, but one of the pictures of the year. The great central room must stand over for a week. I would only add that Mr. Frank Craig has troubled the intellects of many innocent people with his dainty "Widow's Garden"; and I am bound to say that I could not enlighten a frenzied female who thought I should be able to explain to her why the widow's taste ran to wildness and poppies. With the wildness I sympathised—but the poppies "bowled me out." Nevertheless, charming is the widow and her love-lorn swain, who says through melancholy eyes, "Oh, what a pain is love!"

MESSRS. METHUEN continue their excellent series of "Little Books on Art" with a volume on "Bookplates" by E. Almack—a half-crownsworth of really useful information—yet, surely, to write on bookplates and to leave out the masterwork of Gordon Craig, Anning Bell and the modern men is akin to acting the play of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark.

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN'S "Six Lectures on Painting" are now to be had in book form, charmingly produced with illustrations (Elliot Stock). I criticised these brilliant essays as they were delivered, and I would only now add that no student should be without them, and some of the elder members of the Royal Academy could do worse than try to understand them.

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Correspondence

The Sadness of the R.A.

SIR,—A young Frenchman of my acquaintance, a man of parts, of culture and of taste, is over here just now on his first visit to England. I have known him in Paris for some years as a keen connoisseur of painting and sculpture, and a discriminating buyer and collector of works of art. One of his first questions on his arrival in London was as to the whereabouts of our Salon, our exhibition of the best contemporary art. Naturally (if cruelly) he was directed to Burlington House. He spent two days there, and on the night of his second visit he dined with me. Quite innocently and in the politest possible manner he asked me whether really and seriously the Academy was to be taken as an epitome of the British school of painting of the day. What could I reply? Both yes and no. Firstly, we have no British school of painting. There are a dozen different schools rampaging on Piccadilly walls, but not one that is typical, representative, characteristic and *our own*. Secondly, there are dozens of talented painters (if not more than talented) who decline to submit their work to the haphazard methods of the Hanging Committee. Thirdly, the average standard of painting, whether as regards spirit, colour, method, technical skill, imagination or sentiment, as shown at Burlington House, is generally admitted to be below, rather than above, that of British art throughout the United Kingdom. These, and many other things, I tried to explain to my French friend, and I think he grasped my drift; though he could not understand why, when so many British painters are, individually, so gifted, the aggregation of them, as seen in the Academy, should be so appallingly bad. The pre-eminence of Sargent (whose work each year in the Salon, of course, he knew) seemed to him a very simple matter, for was he not an American born in Florence and educated in France? Obviously he was bound to be a genius. But it was a mystery to him (and to us all, I am sure) that the half-dozen or so of educated gentlemen who form the Hanging Committee, men who have been (presumably) brought up on paints, palettes and pictures, could so stultify and degrade British art by crowding the walls with so many artistic atrocities. Not being a painter myself (a buyer on a small scale is my *métier*), I tried to explain our national sentiments towards painting. We adore gilt frames; we want plenty of bright paint; we are not an imaginative race; we like to subscribe for a portrait of our M.F.H.; we are amused by apoplectic babies and over-humanised fox-terriers; above all, we must have a story, and if it be trite, silly and bald, so much the better—it requires the less explanation. Thus I reasoned with my friend, who has returned to Paris a sadder and a wiser man. He has not bought any pictures at the Academy. All this is a true little story, and as such it may interest your readers.—Yours, &c.

A. T.

"Shakespeare at Oxford"

SIR,—In your last issue "E. G. O." draws a charming picture of "Shakespeare at Oxford," which must have given pleasure to every fellow-lover of the poet who saw it. But why—oh, why did he hang it on such a rusty—no; rust may be honourable—on such a crooked and untrustworthy nail as the scene he mentions? Shakespeare no doubt committed many sins during his chequered and eventful career, but if there is one disgraceful act of which he has not been guilty

it is the fourth act of the "Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth." Disgraceful, not perhaps judged on its own demerits, but because the poor prosy stuff parades under the banner of the bard, where it is an eyesore and an insult to all lovers of his work.

If we must put up with having Fletcher's (or some other poetaster's) work printed and published under the name of "The God of our Idolatry," let those at least who can discriminate between dross and gold be careful not to countenance the mystification of the usurper.—Yours, &c. K. B.

Amsterdam.

Decreasing Birth Rates

SIR,—The sanctity of marriage received a severe shock from the introduction of registration offices, which had a previous source under the Protectorate; for Samuel Pepys, the Diarist, was "married by Richard Sherwyn, Esquire, one of the Justices of the Peace for the Cittie and Lyberties of Westm^r"; but after two publications of banns. It is doubtful if our great diarist was ever duly married. True he was under bond, but no actual record is known; indeed, being under age, and his cohabitation being so short, it might be deemed superfluous. The "Lives of the Poets" show a general disregard for mere forms, and the vast increase of bigamy in the present generation points in the same direction; but the point, as treated by Mr. C. W. Saleeby, has a different bearing, for it is traceable to poverty, and *why*? The feeding of 60,000 "starved schoolchildren" can only be compared to the cry in old Rome of "panem et circenses," for the increase of luxury throws the aspect of poverty into higher relief. A few, so-called millionaires, whether in francs, marks, or dollars, set a fashion for expense; while the multiplication of places of entertainment increases a habit of pleasurable indulgence comparable to the Roman *circus;* and the poor children suffer. Marriage, duly regarded, is the crowning act of life, after which a new generation, it may be hoped, will arise to inherit fresh responsibilities, and enjoy greater facilities from new discoveries and inventions; perhaps *applications* were more exact; but the extinction of religious teaching is a factor of retrocession not yet fully developed. But still our population will increase, varying in extent according as times are hard or easy. Quite lately an Essex mother produced sixteen children, including eleven at five confinements. In 1885 a happy father died with forty-five in the first generation, eighty-six grandchildren, ninety-seven great-grandchildren, twenty-three in the fourth generation, so leaving 251 to start the new century.—Yours, &c. NIL DESPERANDUM.

Scientific Literary Criticism

SIR,—As you state in your "Literary Notes" columns, literary criticism is far too much a mere matter of personal liking or disliking. Hence the diverse judgments passed on the same book by different reviewers.

Surely, as Matthew Arnold taught us, the secret of true criticism is comparison. The critic who reviews a novel or a volume of verse should not be guided by his private tastes, but should compare the work under consideration with fiction or poetry of acknowledged excellence.—Yours, &c.

H. P. WRIGHT.

"Morality Touched by Emotion"

SIR,—In THE ACADEMY of April 30 "The Bookworm" has a reference to Matthew Arnold's phrase "Morality touched by emotion." Has it been noticed that Amiel, under date of December 4, 1863, has an entry in his Diary which contains the words "*Reason* touched *with* emotion"? I have only Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation, and it may be the original bears another interpretation.—Yours, &c.

J. PERROTT.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—ED.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archæology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "'Academy' Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and *brevity* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

NOTICE.

In future one of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Contributors to these columns are once more earnestly requested to observe the very simple rules printed at the head hereof. Every week several are disqualified because they put their name and address on their enclosing letter only, and not on each separate question or answer.

SHAKESPEAREANA

"The Tempest," III. i. 15. No "emendation" is needed: "busie lest"=busielest or busiliest; "it" is occasionally used in Elizabethan writers as the pronoun for a word in the plural, and here stands for "labours." So the sentence means: "But these sweet thoughts [of Miranda] do even refresh my labours when I do them most busily."—*F. J. Furnivall.*

"The Tempest," III. i. 14, 15.—About two years ago I showed, in another place, that the text is here perfectly correct. The simple cause of the countless maulings it has had to suffer is the full stop after "it." The fact obviously is that Ferdinand is interrupted by the sudden apparition of Miranda, and does not complete what he intended to say, which would have made a whole clause governed by *lest*. The pointing should therefore have been "Most busy lest, when I do it,—" (Such breaks of continuity abound in some of the plays, *e.g.* "Cymbeline.") F.'s complete period would in substance have run thus: "The sweet thoughts of Miranda's love and sympathy keep up my spirits under this base drudgery, and are most lively while I am performing it, lest [I should give way to disgust, and refuse to drudge any longer]." And be it noted that Miranda not only completes the verse, but actually takes up and treats F.'s thought from her own point of view. Possibly also we are to suppose that M.'s sudden appearance deranged the grammar of his last syllable *it* ("work, labour"), he having used the plural just before.—*T. Le Marchant Douse.*

"MOST *versus* LEAST."—

"I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy *lest* when I do it."—"The Tempest," III. i.

We have here an anomalistic use of the double superlative, opposite terms being brought into contrast as correlatives. So, while most busy physically, it seems less because his mind is otherwise engaged. We need not stop to discuss the spelling of *lest* for "least," nor to criticise the logic; it is put for effect as supra: "The mistress . . . makes my labours, pleasures."—*A. Hall.*

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

HAMLET'S GRAVE.—In a recent ACADEMY I read an article on the supposititious grave of Hamlet at Elsinore. I have heard that the old Danish word for "fool" or "simpleton" is *Amloth*. Has the connection between Hamlet and Amloth ever been inquired into? Could Shakespeare have been aware of this?—*Jaques.*

SHAKESPEARE IN OPERA.—I know of the following perversions of Shakespeare's texts set to music: "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Taming of the Shrew." Are there any others?—*Guildenstern*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.—What are the oldest published settings to the numerous songs scattered through Shakespeare's plays? I do not refer to Locke's music to "Macbeth," &c., but contemporary settings, if possible.—*R.Q.S.* (Barnstaple).

LITERATURE.

SPRATT.—In Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" the following passage occurs: "What literary man has not regretted the prudery of Spratt in refusing to let his friend Cowley appear in his slippers and dressing-gown!" Who was Spratt, and what was the incident referred to?—*Ernest R. Walsh.*

SABBATICAL YEAR.—Professor William James' "Sabbatical Year." In a letter to THE ACADEMY of March 26th on "The Living Mantle of God," Mr. Walter Kendall Smith refers to the "Sabbatical Year" of Professor William James. Is this the title of one of his books? I cannot find it in any list of his works.—*M.A.C.*

FEINAGLE.—

"For her Feinagle's were a useless art,
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he
Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez."
"Don Juan," Canto I. xi.

Who was Feinagle?—*W.J.G.* (Stroud).

* A GOOSE-QUILL AND THE ANGEL GABRIEL.—What are the meaning and the origin of the saying "People often begin with a goose-quill, and end with the Angel Gabriel"? It occurs in "Reason Triumphant over Fancy; exemplified in the Singular Adventures of Don Sylvio de Rosalva;" translated from Mr. C. M. Wieland. Lond. 1773. There is an equally mysterious footnote to the effect that the expression refers to a sort of diversion similar to the English "Royal Game of Goose": what is the English "Royal Game of Goose"?—*Outis* (Liscard).

INGENIOUS RHYMES.—Can anyone give me a list of six of the most ingenious English rhymes? Cf. Byron's

"But—oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all."
—*W.J.G.* (Stroud).

GENERAL.

"BULLO COAL."—Can anyone tell me what "Bullo" coal is? The word occurs in Bagehot's essay on Edward Gibbon (1856) thus: "Such as the English with their snug dining-room and after-dinner nap, domestic happiness and Bullo coal" ("Bagehot's Literary Studies," Vol. I. p. 221. Longmans, 1902 edition).—*M.A.C.*

"HEAVEN SAVE THE MARK."—What is the origin of this expression?—*S.* (Aberdeen).

ST. MIRREN.—Who was St. Mirren, after whom a street in Paisley is named?—*A.W.*

"IT IS ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH."—Who is the author of this phrase?—*S.* (Aberdeen).

BARON TAYLOR.—Is any information available about Baron Taylor, referred to by Borrow in "The Bible in Spain"? (See last few paragraphs of Ch. XV.)—*A.W.*

* "GOD SAVE THE KING."—I have come across an old Scandinavian melody, "En gång in bredd med mig," which answers exactly to our National Anthem, save that it is in the relative minor key. Can anyone tell me the origin of the air, and whether it is older than "God Save the King," which I have always understood to be by Dr. John Bull?—*Norseman.*

RIO GRANDE.—Where can I find any information with regard to the "Republic of Rio Grande," which in 1840, or thereabouts, was at war (apparently) not only with Brazil, but with Argentina and Uruguay? When was it re-annexed to Brazil? The "Memorie" of Garibaldi, who seems to have fought both for Rio Grande and Uruguay, do not make clear the relations between the three States.—*A.W.*

"THE CASE IS ALTERED."—Several inns round about this neighbourhood (Harrow) bear this curious sign. Many derivations have from time to time been suggested, but none of them seems to be adequate. Recently it has been sugested to me that it is derived from "The Cross and Altar." Is there any authority for this?—*K.T.* (Wealdstone).

"SO LONG!"—An expression frequently heard amongst schoolboys, when taking leave of one another, is "So long." What is the precise signification and origin of this phrase?—*H.G.R.* (Aberdeen). See THE ACADEMY, LXV. 426, 480, 522.

EXORCISING FLOWERS.—What is the service referred to in the following quotation? Is it one recognised by the Church of England? "He [Charles Tennyson] objected to the exorcising service over flowers, which one of his curates wished to insist on." The passage occurs in an article by Mr. T. P. O'Connor dealing with Miss Weld's monograph on Tennyson. —*A.W.*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

"LIKE A CHURCH" ("II. Hen. IV." II. iv. 214).—I venture to suggest that this simile was applied to Falstaff because he was heavy and large and firmly fixed to the ground, and that Doll meant to imply that Falstaff stood rooted to the ground, and did not follow at all.—*M.A.C.*

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.—In 1768, at a convivial gathering in Stratford-on-Avon, George Steevens, a London auctioneer, proposed that his friend David Garrick should be invited to initiate a Shakespeare Jubilee. Garrick accepted, and in September, 1769, came down to Stratford, held a Jubilee, and founded the Shakespeare Club. This club was the means of inaugurating the first real birthday memorial celebration, which took place in 1827.—*R.H.F.*

* ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—The author of "Promos and Cassandra" (1578) was George Whetstone. "The Troublesome Raigne of King John," in two parts (1591), is attributed to Lodge, in conjunction with Greene, Peele, and Marlowe. The translation of Plautus' "Menæchmi" by "W. W.," *i.e.* William Warner (author of "Albion's England"), was published in 1595. It is to be remembered that the following propositions relating to "The Comedy of Errors" may be found in current works of authority: (1) that although not printed until 1623, internal evidence shows that it was written between 1589 and 1591; (2) that external evidence shows that it was produced in its original form in 1590; (3) that it was founded upon an earlier English play. If any of these propositions be true, it follows that there is no connection between the publication of Warner's translation of the "Menæchmi" and the production of "The Comedy of Errors."—*George Newall.*

ORIGIN OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—"Promos and Cassandra" was written about 1578 by the dramatist George Whetstone, who translated it from the "Hecatommithi" of the Italian poet Giraldo Cinthio. In the preface to the Clarendon Press Edition of "King John," Mr. Wright states that the old play "The Troublesome Raigne of King John" is an anonymous one. This is also stated by Hazlitt in a footnote in his "Shakespeare's Characters." The play was first published in 1591, and in some later editions was actually ascribed to Shakespeare, then a common device to ensure a play's success. According to Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature" Plautus' "Menæchmi" was probably translated by William Warner.—*P. Selver.*

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines about Shakespeare beginning

"Yet these are they who durst expose the age
Of the great wonder of our English stage"

are from "Love in the Dark: or the Man of Business," a comedy by Sir F. Fane, 1675. They occur in the epilogue.—*Franciscan.*

RUNAWAY'S EYES ("Romeo and Juliet" III. ii. 6).—This is mere poetical imagery, and we find its clue in "The Merchant of Venice" (II. vi. 48), where Lorenzo says "close night doth play the runaway"; so, as above, Juliet hopes that "Runaways' eyes may wink"; stars, then, being the "eyes" of night, are assumed observers of mundane action.—*A. Hall.*

COINCIDENCES IN NAMES.—Fluellen, personal name in "Henry V."; singularly there is a place called Fluelen in Switzerland; *Fiora* in Italian from the Latin "flora." But Shakespeare's Welsh hero is modified from Llewellyn; here the prefix "double l" is of equivocal sound, perhaps *thewellyn*="ff." Some say from Latin *leo*, Welsh *llew*, others say from Latin *lux*, Welsh *lleuer*=light.—*A. Hall.*

LITERATURE.

"OH! MERRY SANG THE MONKS OF ELY, &c."—This is evidently a modernised version of

"Merrie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut ching reuther by,
Rotheth cnites noer the land
And here ye thes muneches saeng,"

which is recorded by Thomas of Ely in his "Historia Ecclesiæ Eliensis" (1166), Chap. XV., as having been composed by Canute the Dane on hearing the monks of Ely singing their psalms as he was going by boat to keep the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin at Ely. The chronicler, however, quotes no further, but continues, "with other words which follow, still publicly sung and remembered in proverbs," and I am unaware that the rest of the poem is still extant.—*Robt. C. Winter* (Dundee, N.B.).

"THE NEW REPUBLIC."—Perhaps the following list is as complete a "key" as will be found concerning the characters in Mr. Mallock's book. It is taken from a review in "London," inserted in "a new edition" of 1878: "Storks=Professor Huxley; Stockton=Professor Tyndall; Herbert=Professor Ruskin; Donald Gordon=Thomas Carlyle; Jenkinson=Professor Jowett; Mr. Luke=Mr. Matthew Arnold; Saunders=Professor Kingdon Clifford; Rose=Mr. Walter H. Pater; Leslie=Mr. Hardinge; Seydon=Dr. Pusey; Lady Grace=Mrs. Mark Pattison; Mrs. Sinclair =V. Singleton ('Violet Fane')."—*M.J.*

"THE NEW REPUBLIC."—There is a key to this satire in Baker's "Guide to the Best Fiction" (Sonnenschein). The persons represented are as follows: "Storks," Huxley; "Stockton," Tyndall; "Herbert," Ruskin; "Donald Gordon," Carlyle; "Jenkinson," Jowett; "Mr. Luke," Matthew Arnold; "Saunders," Professor Clifford; "Rose," Walter Pater; "Leslie," Mr. Hardinge; "Seydon," Dr. Pusey; "Lady Grace," Lady Dilke; "Mrs. Sinclair," Mrs. Singleton ("Violet Fane").—*Outis* (Liscard).

AN OLD EPITAPH.—Solutions have been received from *R. K. Davie* (Balliol Coll., Oxford); *G.S.* (Edinburgh); *J.C.W.* (Bristol); *J.F.P.*; *Rev. R. G. Wood* (Richmond, Yorks); *Rho* (Walsall); *Student* (Dumfries); *A.C.* (Chelmsford); *T. Newlands* (Otterburn); *H. W. Stratham* (Edinburgh).

GENIUS.—The quotation on page 532 of THE ACADEMY of May 7, "The transcendent capacity of taking trouble first of all," is, I think, from Goethe.—*G. Fowler* (Liverpool).

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—It is extremely unlikely that Stevenson, in writing "I lay me down with a will," referred to his testament. So mundane and commonplace a sentiment would not be admitted by him into so exquisite a poem; and the words would hardly make sense. Two other lines, "Glad did I live and *gladly die*," and "Here he lies where he longed to be," point to the use of the word in the very usual sense of doing a thing whole-heartedly, gladly, "with a will."—*H. Pearl Humphry.*

GENERAL.

"GOOD-BYE."—In Professor Skeat's "Principles of English Etymology" the following explanation is given: "Good-bye, for *God be with you*, as in 'Othello,' I. iii. 189; other spellings are *God B' w' y* (Suckling), *God be wi' ye* (Allan Ramsay), *God bwy yee* (Marston), *Godbwy* (J. Davies), *God by'e* (Evelyn), *God buy you*, 'Twelfth Night,' IV., ii. 108; see Palmer, Folk-Etymology. It is tolerably clear that *God be with you* was cut down to *God bwy* or *God buy*; after which, the sense being obscured, the word *ye*, *yee*, or *you* was *again* appended, so that the modern Eng. *good-bye* really stands for Evelyn's *God by'e—i.e.* for *God be with you ye*, or *God be with you you*. This is the true solution of the mystery, and is not at all 'impossible.'"—*M.A.C.*

"HOPE AGAINST HOPE."—This is a Biblical expression from the passage about Abraham's faith in the Epistle to the Romans iv. 18: "Who against hope believed in hope." The Greek words παρ' ἐλπίδα (against hope) are thus explained by Dean Vaughan in his "Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans": "Beyond hope, beside the mark, or beyond the bounds of what might seem a reasonable expectation."—*M.A.C.* (Cambridge).

FEMALE PSEUDONYMS.—The late Francis Adams published his novel "Lady Lovan" under the pseudonym of "Agnes Farrell." I believe there are one or two other cases which escape me at the moment. I suppose Shelley's issue of some early verse as by "Margaret Nicholson" is scarcely a case in point.—*A.W.* (Tonbridge).

"TUSHERY."—I should imagine that Robert Louis Stevenson coined this word from the exclamation "tush," expressive of impatience, contempt, and the like, and that he meant by it trumpery, trash, rubbish.—*M.A.C.*

"A LONG SPOON."—"Therefore behoveth him a ful long spone That shall ete with a fend," Chaucer, "Squire's Tale."—*E. L. Hendy* (W. Didsbury).

"A LONG SPOON."—In Trench's "Proverbs and their Lessons," the proverb: "He had need of a long spoon that eats with the Devil" is thus explained: "Men fancy they can cheat the arch-cheater; can advance in partnership with him up to a certain point, and then, whenever the connection becomes too dangerous, break it off at their will; being sure in this to be miserably deceived, for, to quote another in the same tone, 'He who has shipped the Devil must carry him over the water.'"—*M.A.C.* (Cambridge).

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

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